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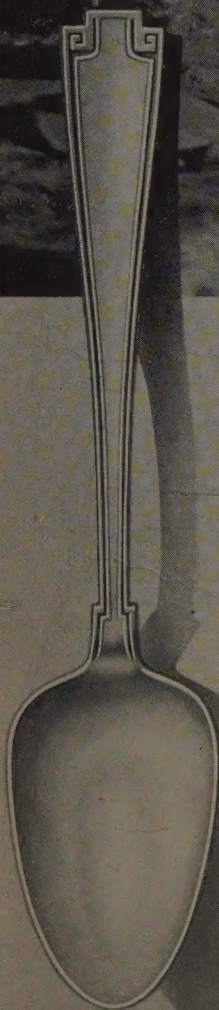
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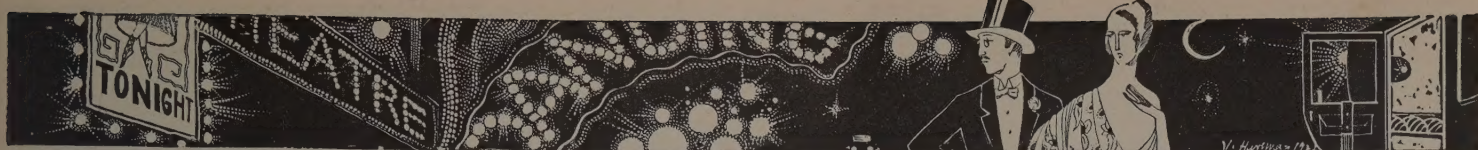
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THE PLAY GUIDE

Here it is the beginning of March, with everybody still away winter-resorting, they say, and yet no let-down in the night life of our city. How do you account for that? And shouldn't you be joining the little band of scientific investigators who, not unhappily, are making the rounds gathering data in explanation of this contradictory phenomenon.

TWO swanky Englishmen, typical men about town with their spats and their canes and the little colored feathers in the sides of their hats, came into a restaurant where we were dining and took the table next to us. They passed the town in review in their well-modulated voices, . . . restaurants and night clubs, and the sifting down of the evidence seemed to come to this: "Well, *Harry Richman's* and *Ciro's* continue to keep up. . . ." Which, with padlocks coming and going, the burgeoning of new after-the-theatre places and the fading away of some others (you could only call them old in the sense that February is older than January) and competition what it is, amounts to saying a mouthful.

Harry Richman's, otherwise the *Richman Club*, does indeed "keep up," with *Ciro's*, a few paces away, running it a close second in popularity. And just why you choose the one rather than the other when you get that far we don't quite know, unless that in the former you have the opportunity of enjoying at first hand the racy and unique flavor of the *Harry Richman* personality, though both clubs are under his management. Both are built in the charming Spanish patio style, similar to that of the famous Coral Gables at Miami, which perhaps is fairly logical considering that the same architect responsible for the Gables also designed the two clubs.

Though we have touched on it before in these columns, we can't say too much in praise of the soft and glamorous lighting in all these night places

and the service that the architect, or whoever, has done American women in the cause of beauty and romance. At the *Club Richman* we like especially to get a table in the little alcove where the wistaria hangs from above and the Spanish fountain drips murmuringly what time one may hear it in the intervals between the playing of the *Emil Coleman* orchestra. Sure he plays there, and *Yvette Rugel* sings, all in addition to the hostship and large-portion entertainment of the inimitable *Harry* . . . and . . . But there it all is on Fifty-sixth Street. Drop in and see for yourself . . . everybody does.

If you want a place in which to dance, try "The Open Door," down in Greenwich Village on Macdougall Street, just off Washington Square, near the Provincetown Playhouse. "The Open Door" combines something of the atmosphere of both the Village and Broadway and is made up of two mediumish rooms, the one with its tables and benches running round the wall and a piano holding forth, and the other where the tables circle a dance floor and a small orchestra presides. Above on the wall runs a frieze of red-and-black caricatures done on a beige background.

It is not a place for philosophical discussion or inviting the soul, but for dining and dancing, which are supposed to synchronize, commencing around six. . . . Yes, and "all through the night." A familiar note greeted and made us feel at home in the "candle plants"—which were once described in these pages—blooming in the center of each table. Starting as

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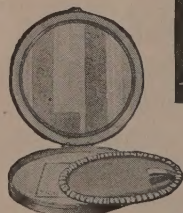
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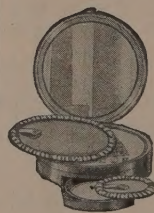
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Address: The Play Guide, THEATRE MAGAZINE, 2 West 45th St., New York.

simple or garden candles, these little plants grow rapidly by a process of auto-accretion from their own drippings—one candle added to another—until they attain fantastic shapes and sizes. Only the roof and the fire laws, we have been told, prevent their eventually reaching to heaven, but as "The Open Door" is still young the "candle plants" are as yet only at early stages of their growth. And O Yes, the reason for their being there at all is because Charley Miller, formerly of "The Pepper Pot," where the idea originated, is in part responsible for this spot.

WE predict a successful future, with no let or hindrance, for the new restaurant, *Twin Oaks*, which opened its doors recently on West Forty-sixth Street. Once through them one descends what might be imagined as garden steps (to put you immediately in the atmosphere, there are touches of hollyhocks and the bricks of a garden wall) into what might again be imagined as the courtyard of a medieval castle, flanked on either side with the façades and eaves of small cottages. A dancing floor occupies what might have been in Tudor days a dancing green, around which are grouped the tables.

We suggest this as an ideal place to take someone from out of town, perhaps yourself, by whom you wish to do right. There are so many peep-shows to attract the eye that you never seem to have done discovering "something else" . . . foliage effects . . . a pigeon house . . . thatched roofs . . . dormer windows, not "opening on the foam" (pardon me, you're right, those were "fairy windows" anyway), but shining with a soft glow . . . the twin oaks themselves centering the dance floor, from whose branches hang what the little city girl with us insisted were beehives. . . Only we all know, don't we, children, that beehives don't grow

on trees, so they must have been oriole nests. . .

However, that's neither here nor there. . . But there really is an immensely catchy something about the atmosphere of the place, the food is delicious (we don't know when we had a more exquisite cup of coffee, *à la crème*, which sets the standard of a place, we always think) and there is no couvert charge. If you do not want to wait till the evening shadows fall to visit the restaurant, you can drop in for lunch, and you will find Hawaiians to play for your dancing. If you do wait for the dinner or after-theatre hour, you will be rewarded by a charming cabaret entertainment, featuring the comedian, Arthur West, as master of ceremonies and Dorothy Barber as *danseuse*. Friday nights of each week is "celebrity night" and Mondays consecrated as guest night for the casts of different plays. Come and see at close range your favorite star of the theatre!

Fifth Avenue has acquired its first supper club, No. 683, and called just that, the Fifth Avenue Supper Club. Not only does it boast the distinction of being "the only one" on the Avenue, but of possessing the smallest theatre in the city as well. In accordance with the rules of the Fifth Avenue Association, the club is permitted no electric sign to mark its site, only two lamps, one on either side of the door announcing its presence.

To forewarn and forearm you, the admission fee, that is to say the couvert charge, is five dollars, and other prices are in proportion. This makes for a certain seclusion, and they do say (we haven't got round to the place as yet) that the art exhibit is almost worth the price, the walls being covered with sketches by Clara Tice, those delicious slender nymphs which are her special forte.

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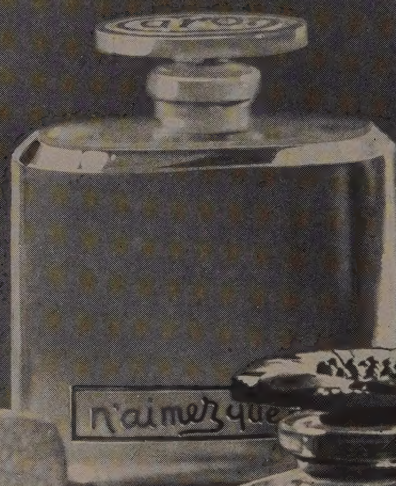
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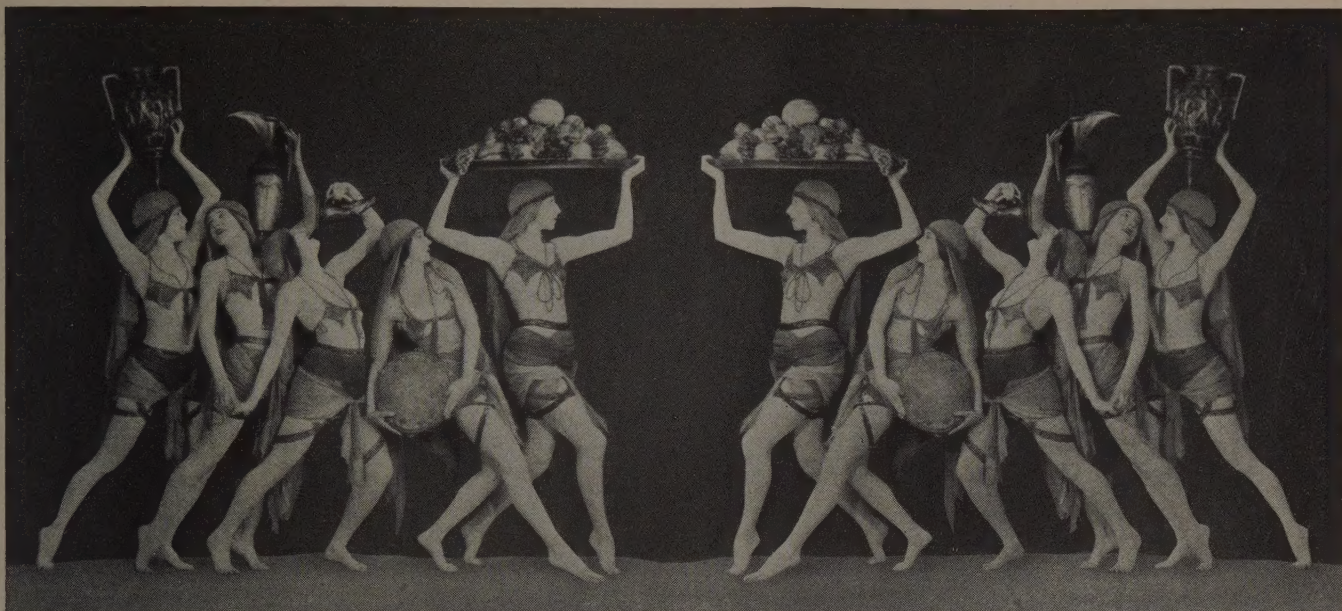


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(Love Only Me)



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Ira Schwarz

THE present theatrical season is on the wane, but distinctly the THEATRE MAGAZINE is not. Every number better than the preceding one. Future numbers so full of good things that nobody who loves the theatre can afford to miss a single issue.

A PLAYWRIGHT'S INFERNO

IN the April issue, John Colton, co-author of the highly successful *Rain*, contributes a chatty, entertaining article describing the playwright's inferno à la Mr. Dante. The great Italian's difficulties were as nothing compared with what confronts the dramatist today when dealing with managers, temperamental stars, stage-hands—to say nothing of the critics. The fact that Mr. Colton has survived the recent production of *The Shanghai Gesture*, makes the article all the more piquant.

"PALM BEACH NIGHTS"

THE overworked American millionaire and his fatigued wife are sunning themselves on Florida's golden strand. Idleness breeds boredom, so Flo Ziegfeld has come to the rescue with his sparkling entertainment "Palm Beach Nights"—a Riviera edition of the Follies. The next issue of THEATRE MAGAZINE will contain a pictorial feature showing the leading beauties in this new Ziegfeld festival de luxe, together with some account of the Miami High Jinks.

"HENRY VIII" IN LONDON

ALL London is crowding to see the superb production of Shakespeare's *Henry VIII*, in which that fine actress, Sybil Thorndike, appears as a strikingly beautiful queen. St. John Ervine, THEATRE MAGAZINE's special correspondent in London, devotes his entire letter in the April issue to a warm eulogy of the production, which he declares one of the most beautiful he has ever seen. The article is illustrated with a full page, exclusive and very striking portrait of Sybil Thorndike.

MOVIE TACTICS FOR PRODUCERS

A CRITIC of our theatre who always writes amusingly and trenchantly is Gilbert Seldes, whose book *The Seven Lively Arts* is in the way of becoming a classic of stage literature. In THEATRE MAGAZINE for April, Mr. Seldes has a humorous article on what he would do if he were a producer of plays, showing how a sure hit can always be had by borrowing the methods of the moving pictures. This article should be of great assistance to Messrs. Woods and Hoffenstein, The Theatre Guild and other dabblers in the theatrical arts.

EXCLUSIVE PICTURES

A NEW departure in THEATRE MAGAZINE, which no doubt has already been favorably noticed and commented upon, are the full-page pictorial features of the current theatrical successes.

Contents for MARCH, 1926

SPECIAL ARTICLES

<i>Broadway and Main Street</i>	9
by BROCK PEMBERTON	
<i>X Plus the Square Root of Y Times 2 Equals a Play</i>	10
by GILBERT SELDES	
<i>Behind the Player's Mask</i>	12
by F. VANCE DE REVERE	
<i>Seeing the Operatic Wheels Go Round</i>	20
by MARY WATKINS	
<i>A Theatre That Is Different</i>	22
by RICHARD SAVAGE	
<i>The London Stage</i>	30
by ST. JOHN ERVINE	
<i>Will the New Scenery Destroy the Actor?</i>	32
by GILBERT SELDES	

SPECIAL FEATURES

<i>The Editor's Uneasy Chair</i>	7
<i>Has This Been Explained to You?</i>	21
<i>The Enemy (Condensation)</i>	26
<i>Heard on Broadway</i>	38

ART FEATURES

<i>Cover Design in Colors: Ina Claire</i>	
<i>The Silver Moth</i>	6
<i>"La Vestale" From the Wings</i>	21
by EMILIO AMERO	

REVIEWS

<i>Mr. Hornblow Goes to the Play</i>	15
<i>Music</i>	34
<i>Radio</i>	37

THE NEW PLAYS

<i>The Taming of the Shrew</i>	14
<i>The Dybbuk</i>	19
<i>By the Way</i>	29

FULL PAGE PORTRAITS

<i>Tessa Kosta</i>	5
<i>Brock Pemberton</i>	8
<i>Laurette Taylor</i>	11
<i>Jacques Lerner</i>	13
<i>Moss and Fontana</i>	27

DEPARTMENTS

<i>The Amateur Stage</i>	39
<i>Fashions</i>	44
<i>The Vanity Box</i>	60

Vol. XLIII Whole No. 300
Subscribers are informed that no change of address can be made in less than a month. Address all communications to Theatre Magazine, 2 West 45th Street, New York City.
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THEATRE MAGAZINE COMPANY

Louis Meyer—Paul Meyer, Publishers

Published monthly by Theatre Magazine Co. Executive Publishing and Editorial Offices, 2 West 45th Street, New York City. Louis Meyer, President and Treasurer; Paul Meyer, Vice-President; Henry Stern, Secretary; Arthur Hornblow, Editor; F. E. Allardt, Director of Circulation. Single copies, thirty-five cents. Four dollars by the year. Foreign countries add fifty cents for mail; Canada add fifty cents. Title *Theatre Magazine*, registered U. S. Patent Office.

These pictures are not the ordinary flashlights broadcast by press agents, but pictures taken exclusively for this magazine by the Florence Vandamm Studio. For instance, in the current issue will be found superb full page scenes of *The Taming Of the Shrew*, *The Monkey Talks*, Tessa Kosta in *Song of the Flame*, Cicely Courtneidge and Jack Hulbert in *By the Way*, superb pictures not to be found in any other publication. In the next issue will be found exclusive, full page scenes of *Hedda Gabler*, *The Shanghai Gesture*, Miss Lulu Belle, *The Jazz Singer*, *Alias the Deacon*, etc., etc.

AN IRISH O'NEILL

IRELAND has given a new playwright to the world. After Synge, Lady Gregory, Yeats, comes Sean O'Casey, whose name a few years ago was known only to his fellow workmen in the Dublin building trade. Another Eugene O'Neill, all O'Casey's characters are taken directly from the Dublin slums. Today the English critics hail him as the greatest Irish dramatist since Synge and his name is one of the most prominent in the London press. An article describing the man and his work, together with a portrait, will appear in our next issue.

"CRAIG'S WIFE"

GEORGE KELLY'S *Craig's Wife* has been one of the outstanding hits of the season, appealing particularly to women, whose attendance is in the ratio of nine women to one man. As Mrs. Craig is a domestic tyrant, perhaps some of these ladies will see a reflection of themselves. A condensation of this popular play will be found in the April issue of THEATRE MAGAZINE.

OUR DEPARTMENTS

MUSIC: Things have been stirring in the world of music more than usual. The Moscow Art Theatre Musical Studio, the visit of Maestro Toscanini, the novelties and revivals at the Metropolitan, the plans for an American jazz opera are all topics of conversation among the cognoscenti. If you want to be as well versed as the next, you can not afford to miss this important department.

RADIO: With Atwater Kent broadcasting such perfect programs every Sunday evening, Walter Damrosch and his New York Symphony Orchestra; Mme. Schumann-Heink, etc., Radio is developing into an art which it would be foolish to ignore. Our Radio department, cleverly and interestingly written, keeps you in touch with the fascinating events of the air.

FASHIONS: Spring will soon be here, at which time a young lady's fancy turns to new wraps, frocks, slippers, bonnets. By looking over our Fashion department and seeing what your favorite actress is wearing, you will be aided in your choice of Spring styles.

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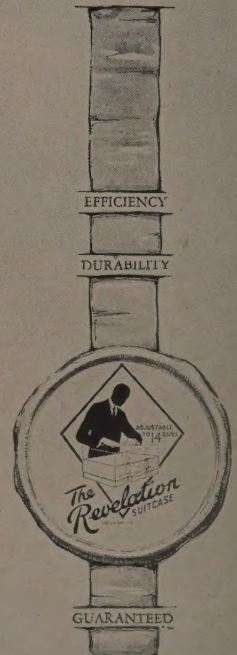
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ARTHUR HORNBLow, *EDITOR-IN-CHIEF*

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The Editor's Uneasy Chair

The Play with a Load of Mischief

THE latest rumor along the Rialto is that Ashley Dukes' comedy, *The Man with a Load of Mischief*—most unfortunate and clumsy title—which everybody thought had gone to cold storage for good, following a brief and unprofitable run at the Ritz, is to be revived next season with a new company, probably headed by Fay Compton, a favorite London actress, in the leading feminine rôle.

In view of the many vicissitudes the play went through before it was first seen on Broadway, the decision to give it another trial marks a novel departure from customary managerial tactics. There has been an extraordinary lot of fuss over this English comedy—far more than its importance warrants. First tried out of town, it was shelved for a time, owing, it was said, to its American promoters being dubious as to its chances here. Then after its Broadway *première* was announced, one postponement followed another. Then Times Square was thick with rumors that, star and managers having disagreed, the play wouldn't be given at all. Then the title was changed, and just before the metropolitan opening, the original title was restored. The play was finally presented. The critics praised it—lukewarmly; the public stayed away. Wherefore the storehouse.

There is nothing surprising about the failure of the play in New York. Because it was a big success at the London Haymarket does not mean that it must necessarily appeal to our public. A romantic comedy in poetic prose, the piece is well and gracefully written, but the story—that of a runaway mistress of royalty overtaken in an inn by the prince's bibulous emissary and falling in love with the latter's sentimental valet—is slow in action, stale and uninteresting in situation and quite without plausibility or point.

One reason advanced for the play's failure here was that its American cast—Miss Ruth Chatterton and her associates—failed in their performance to bring out all there is in the piece. This, of course, must be taken *cum grano salis*. The most logical reason for its non-success in America is that our theatregoers did not like it and expressed their opinion by staying away from the box-office. To try and put the blame on the play's American interpreters hardly seems to us playing cricket.

The Theatregoing Public Be D—d

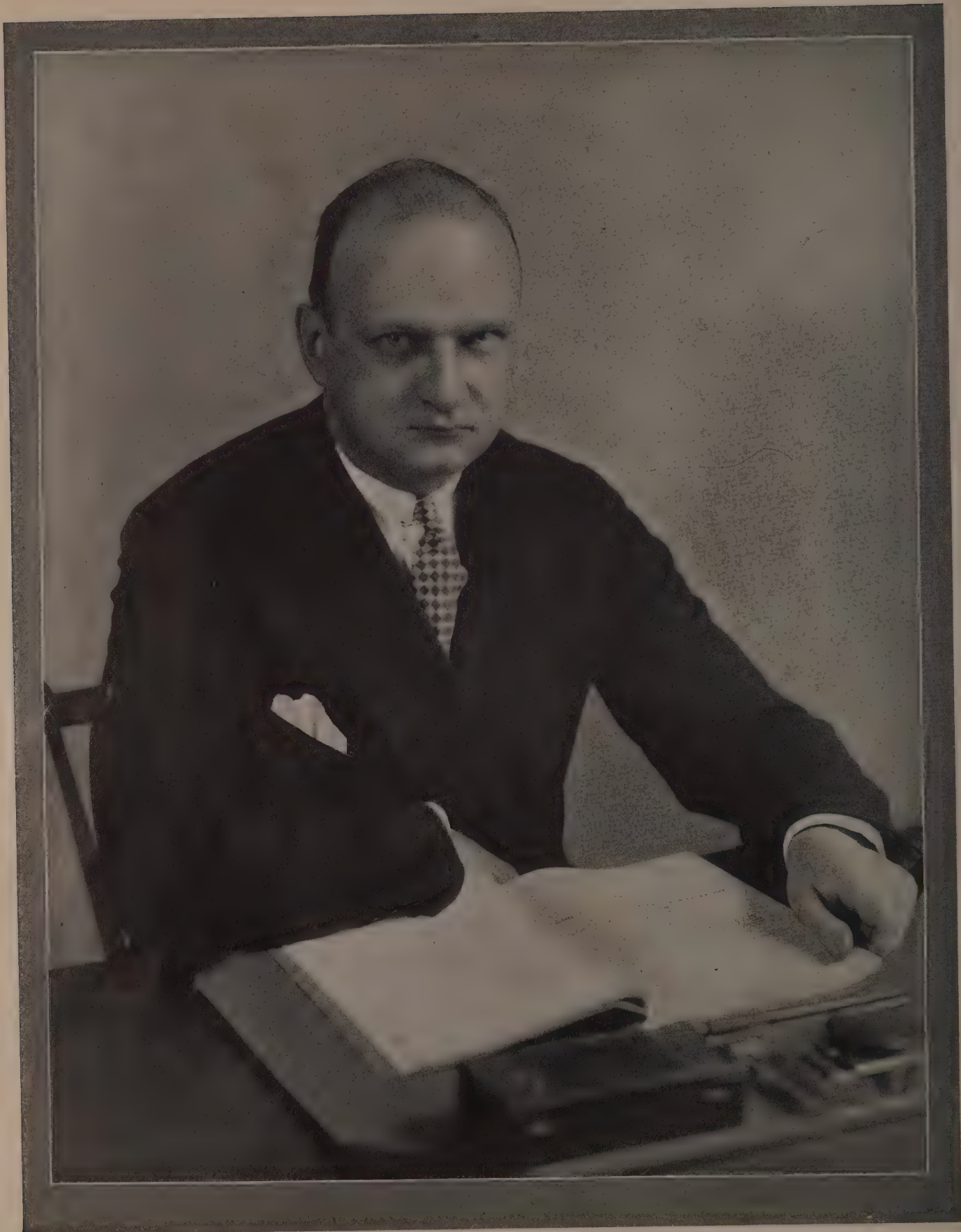
ON the first night of *The Monkey Talks*, at the Sam Harris Theatre, everybody in the audience shivered. The play—the odyssey of an amorous ape—was sensational and thrills were expected, but the shivers the spectators got were caused not so much by the play itself as by the deadly drafts that swept through the auditorium. It was so cold—the theatre not having been adequately heated before the audience arrived—that women were compelled to sit all through the performance with their fur coats on and men put up the collars of their overcoats. Can that be called comfort? When one buys admission to a theatre, it is tacitly understood between seller and purchaser that the

patron will have a seat in which he can sit with reasonable ease without being exposed to the danger of catching cold or worse. Some managers understand the wisdom of the policy of making patrons comfortable while viewing the play. Others apparently do not. At the *première* in question more than one newspaper critic was seen with his collar up and in the reviews next day the annoying theatre drafts were commented upon. Is it not reasonable to suppose that a critic who did not like the play might have been a little less acidulous in his criticism if his evening had been made pleasant the night before, at least to the extent of protecting him from a distracting and dangerous draft?

If we were managers of a Broadway theatre we would do away with many little annoyances to which theatregoers are now subjected, and first among them would be the deadly, inexcusable draft during a performance. When the audience is arriving it is perhaps difficult, in Winter-time, to prevent cold from entering the auditorium, but once the people are seated there is not the slightest excuse. Even during the time it is necessary to keep the doors open, the cold would not be felt so badly if the house were heated adequately, which in the present instance it was not. There is a tradition among business men that it pays to take care of your customer. Or do the managers say with old Commodore Vanderbilt: "The public be d—d!"

If in Doubt—Ask Mr. Foster

IT is amusing, and also instructive, to discover how ill versed certain writers—persons who pose as arbiters of our theatre—are in the history of their own business. What should we think of a physician who had never heard of Pasteur, of a steel manufacturer to whom the name Carnegie meant absolutely nothing, of a painter who had never studied the beauties of a Corot or a Raphael? Yet we have with us to-day—wise-cracking around public restaurant tables—lowly *litterati* who unblushingly admit the astonishing fact that they have no background whatsoever. Nor is this surprising lacuna confined only to reviewers. Only recently a director of a New York theatre priding itself on its extreme culture admitted he had never heard of Lester Wallack, head of the best stock company this country has ever known. Can one imagine a director of the Théâtre Français confessing he had never heard of Talma or Rachel? The critic of a New York morning newspaper confessed he had never heard of George Frederick Cooke, perhaps the most remarkable tragedian England ever sent to these shores and whose remains lie buried in an American grave. Still another reviewer admitted he had never read, or even heard of, Joseph N. Ireland—the best known of all the historians of the American theatre. What should we say to a High School graduate who admitted he had no acquaintance with Gibbon or Macaulay? Or is it that, these days of inflated egotism, colossal conceit and bad manners, it has become a pose to pretend ignorance of the past, as though to emphasize the well-established fact that the world did not really begin until the Algonquianist appeared upon the scene?



Florence V andamm Studio

THE PRODUCERS. NO. 5: BROCK PEMBERTON

Brock Pemberton, who graduated from the critic's desk to an important position in the producing field, is distinctly not to be classed among the "hawkers of vegetables," as St. John Ervine jocosely describes the managers of the commercial theatre. After seven years reviewing plays for the "Evening Mail," "World" and "Times," Mr. Pemberton abandoned journalism to get nearer the theatre, joining the forces of Arthur Hopkins in an executive capacity. For the last five years he has been a producer on his own account, presenting to our public such plays as "Enter, Madame"; "Miss Lulu Bett," "Six Characters in Search of an Author" and "The Living Mask," by Pirandello; "Mister Pitt," by Zona Gale; "White Desert," by Maxwell Anderson; "Swords," by Sidney Howard

Broadway and Main Street

The Community Playhouse the Only Relief in Sight from an Overcommercialized Theatre

By BROCK PEMBERTON

Producer of "Six Characters in Search of an Author," etc.

"WHERE are the shows of yesterday?" any François Villon, 1926 model, might well sing in the vast domain that is not Manhattan Island and forms what we in New York are pleased to call the Hinterland. For something has blown them all away as surely as the winds scattered the snows of the original Villon's verse. There was a time not so many years ago when we produced plays with both eyes on the road and only a squint at the New York box-office, for the road was where the goose of the golden egg lived. Now we try to guess what New York wants without thought of whether the Hinterland will be interested.

Since New York is the fountain from which all theatrical blessings, or otherwise, flow, a survey of the situation there is necessary to an understanding of the collapse of the road. Fifteen years ago some thirty-odd theatres were given over from eight to nine months of the year to legitimate plays; now there are almost seventy, at least twenty of which manage to remain open throughout the year. The season that began in 1910 brought forth 122 new productions; last season 264 were made. There is no way of actually gauging the increase in the number of playgoers, but since the total number of weeks played by legitimate attractions has more than doubled it is safe to estimate that the number of patrons has too.

Whenever a new form of entertainment is concocted through the development of some mechanical device, a howl goes up from us producers that we are being ruined. First it was the motor, then the movie, now it is the radio. This is merely selfishness on the part of some humans—oh! aren't we all?—who would rather have all of the business all of the time instead of a part of it a part of the time.

FROM the first lush nights of Spring till frost, play patrons do forsake the balconies for their Fords. But what of the hundreds of thousands who would never be able to reach the theatres but for their motors during all the other nights of the year? The theatre in far-flung Greater New York would be inconceivable without the motor.

The movie was the next goblin seeking to get us. It didn't, and its early detractors will tell you that for every patron it weaned away the cinema has sent back hundreds of converts who learned about drama from her. Even now the Broadway movie palaces are altering their stages and programs to embrace more of the legitimate theatre if not less of the cinema.

Now that the novelty has worn off, it isn't believable that Radio constitutes much of a menace to the New York stage. It has ruined election-night trade, and where formerly there was standing room at fancy prices there now are empty rows of seats.

In pre-Radio days one bought his way inside the playhouse to keep from being trampled under foot or hit over the head with a tin horn until the lights on the Times Building should proclaim one winner or loser. Now that the voice of the loud-speaker is heard in the land, a taxi with a drunken driver careening up and down Broadway wouldn't hurt even a sidewalk speculator. Fewer folks went to the theatre last election night than voted for Hylan, if you can think in small figures. Or again, when Radio decides to show its speed and engages John McCormack and other famous artists there is an old-home night at the expense of the playhouses.

TWO factors more mundane than the motor-movie-radio trilogy control the New York theatre to-day—real-estate values and ticket speculators. Working separately toward its own selfish end, each has helped establish a new *régime*, a *régime* in which a play upon production becomes an immediate hit or a failure. Only a few years ago almost any fairly good play was pretty certain of a fairly decent run. Today a fairly good play or a fine play or a downright poor play will run a few weeks or a season. It's a hit or a failure, it's in or it's out, "in" meaning the hands of the speculators and "out" the gutter. The middle ground between great success and complete failure whereon a producer would at least recoup his investment or establish a property that might win him road profits no longer exists.

Real estate is thus responsible: Originally most of the theatres were in the hands of a few men who were also producers. They booked their own shows on sharing terms, the house gambling with the show and turning in a profit if the play succeeded or standing its share of the loss if it failed. Whenever the stage was unoccupied and an outsider came along with a show he got the house under the same conditions.

Twenty years ago a period of great expansion began with the ultimate growth already outlined. Synchronously a new band of producers appeared. Some were hangers-on from the lower grades turning their knowledge of the inside of show business to account through the backing of Butter and Egg Men, attracted by tales of miraculous profits. Others, perhaps better equipped and more serious about the business, were drawn from the ranks of writers, actors and kindred artistic groups. Enough of the two classes were without theatres of their own to form a floating population. Enter then, L. U. E., the characters well known in every economic drama, Supply and Demand. For every vacant stage there were several applicants, so what more natural than that the proprietor should favor the highest bidder.

And so the system of guarantees came into vogue, a system which demands that

the producer guarantee the theatre a minimum weekly sum for a stated period. Custom has set this sum at \$4,000, that being the amount at which almost any playhouse can show a neat profit, and the period is usually four weeks. Latterly the guarantee has been edging upward, and at the height of the season \$4,500 is frequently asked, while producers frantic for a chance to show their wares have been known to bid as high as \$6,500. This last figure is not an uncommon guarantee asked of the movie magnates intent on a Broadway showing for their special films.

The guarantee is not a rental. The theatre proceeds to take its share of the total gross under the regular terms, which are fifty per cent. of the first \$5,000 and forty of all over. The shifting of the entire risk to the shoulders of the producer strikes him as unfair, but he is helpless. More serious than this wounding of his feelings and pocketbook is a resultant development. Since the proprietor's share of a hit is from \$6,000 to \$10,000 weekly, depending on the capacity of the house, and since every play before its New York *première* is a potential hit, he is not interested in the play of low receipts, even though a profit is guaranteed him. So the contract includes a "stop clause," which gives him the privilege of sending the half-way attraction to-boganning to the storehouse when the receipts drop below a stipulated figure. The general practice is a two weeks' notice of eviction following two consecutive weeks with the gross under \$10,000. There is no chance then of the play lingering that would be content with a gross of \$8,000 nor of the play that starts weakly trying to prove its strength, for the Badge of Flop is immediately pinned on and the machinery set in motion for bringing on the next victim.

THE speculators' part is another story and a more complicated one. The box-office is the appendix of the modern theatre. No person with a sense of humor thinks of applying there for seats, the bulk of which are sold through brokers who charge premiums ranging from 50 cents to anything they can get. Premiums of three, four and five dollars a seat are regularly asked and paid for the biggest hits. The amusement budget of the average individual being inelastic, thus covers about one-fourth the territory it previously did, and the storehouse takes the hindmost. For New York hates failure, and a full house is rather to be chosen than a good play. Ask the average New Yorker what he thought of a play and his criticism will begin or end with the size of the house. And since he wants what the other fellow wants when he wants it, he would rather see a dozen smashing hits whatever their quality than spend the same amount on forty better but less popular plays.

(Continued on page 58)

X Plus the Square Root of Y Times 2 Equals a Play

The Problem of the Playwright Solved at Last—Send No Money—Success Sure

By GILBERT SELDES

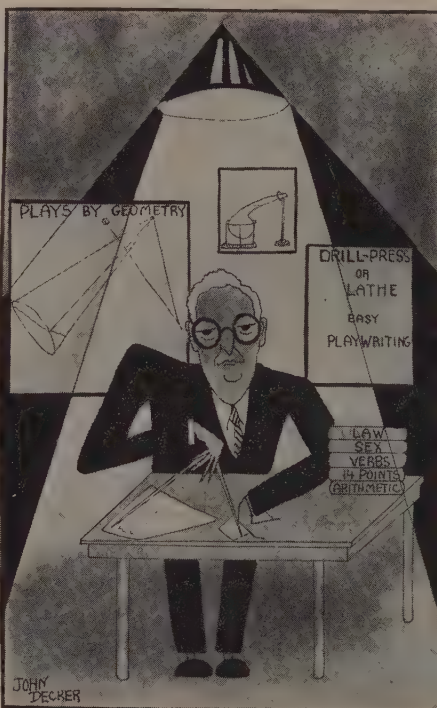
I AM myself only an amateur playwright. Owing, as I do, a half interest in the Hipwyn Theatre, I can get my plays produced, but as none of them ever runs more than ten days, I claim an amateur standing still. (My plays also have a habit of standing still.)

But I know that my more professional associates, even the most successful, have often wanted for the formula which would make success as a playwright certain. "If we only knew in advance," say the producers, "what plays would succeed we would be even richer than we are"—and that is saying a great deal or not. How much more, then, must the beginner yearn for the perfect formula! How much more thankful for finding it, as he will find it by looking at the title of this article. X plus the square root of Y Times 2 Equals a Play—and what a play!

I want to confess at once that the inspiration for the formula came to me after reading "The Science of Playwriting," by M. L. Malevinsky. But as the two formulæ and/or (I got that trick, too, from the book) their expressions are different, I do not think I can be accused of plagiarism. Mr. Malevinsky's formula is A plus B plus C plus D plus E plus F plus G plus H plus I equals "X"—and "X" (clever rascals, you have guessed it). "X" is a play. To be fair to Mr. Malevinsky, whom I consider an honest critic of a difficult subject, I hasten to add that his alphabet has meaning. A, for example, is a basic emotion; C includes a whole flock of words beginning with C, such as *Crucible*, *Conflict*, *Complication* (and/or *intrigue*), *Crisis*, and *Climax*; I stands for *Artistry*; which is one better than *Oscar Wilde* and his *Art* with a capital H.

THE fact of the matter is that I found myself a little in difficulties with Mr. Malevinsky's book. The "and/or" effect is a little worrisome after a time and the terminology is too darned accurate. I like my words to be a bit loose in their ways of living, so that if I don't like what they mean, I can make them mean what I want—like *Humpty Dumpty*. And then Mr. Malevinsky made it particularly hard for me by ascribing themes to a lot of plays. A theme, he says, and I am not man enough to deny it, is a basic emotion, and the basic emotion of *Pigs* is— Now what do you think is the theme of *Hamlet*? Revenge? Love of father? Internal struggles? No. Melancholy, that's all. Of *Abie's Irish Rose*, you think it has something to do with the two races, but you are wrong. It isn't even *Love Conquers All*! Mr. Malevinsky has discovered that *Abie* is the *Romeo and Juliet* of our times and puts down the theme as *Love*, which is also the theme of *The Trimplet*, *The Goose Hangs High* and *The Traveling Man*. With the aid of an alphabet the author has

listed themes for every letter except X (not the same X I mentioned a while back, but another, destitute poor relation of his). Would you like a theme in Q major? There are Quickness, Quackery and Quizical. Do you fancy N? There are Neatness, or even Nobility, while B flat minor has twenty-six variations running from Bookish to Betrayal.



Nowadays, when a young man's fancy turns to playwriting, he no longer equips himself with a flowing tie and attic, but buys a few compasses, tri-squares, etc., and cons the laboratory rules of the doctors of scientific dramaturgy

AS I said, these difficulties worried me and I was persuaded that I'd never be satisfied until I wrote my own analysis of what makes a play. In my formula you will note that there are only two terms not in everyday use: X and Y. (I admit they are used every day in the joke papers and little children use them when reciting the alphabet from "a" to ampersand—that little & sign is called an ampersand, in case you don't know the word—but, roughly speaking, X and Y are not the commonest terms in our language. In the middle of the last century belated travelers from the little *Hamlet* of X were always getting around to Y at dusk, but that style of fiction has gone out. However, those are other stories, and to cut down on space, let us admit my first point that X and Y are not exactly the most familiar terms in our language.)

The preceding paragraph is only by way of explanation that my formula is terribly simple. I'll explain X and Y, you will find the square root and do the adding

and multiplying in your spare time, or take it home as night work, and the result will be a play.

X is something to say. (Not, as high-brow critics will have you believe, something important. That is X to the *n*th power.) Y is getting it said, or, as George M. Cohan ably puts it, getting it produced. The square root of Y, you can see, is what the critics leave of the play after the production, and this multiplied by two is what the press-agent persuades the public the play is really like.

X, we have agreed, is something to say. But what? Nearly anything will do. Say Affection, Abstraction, Amorousness (that's a good one), Blandishment, Buffoonery, Bigotry, Constancy, Calmness, Cheerfulness, Devotion, Discomfort, Despair, Effacement, Endurance, Exhaustion, Friendship, Fondness, Forgiveness, and so on through the cute little collection of letters which will bring you to X again. Of course you who have seen plays know that there have to be characters, and if your subject is Cheerfulness, for example, the best thing to do is to steal a cheerful character from some other play, like *Pollyanna*, and be done with it. Then you have to fill two hours or so, and you will naturally put in a few characters a bit sour on the world, just to make it harder for the cheerful one, and that will produce a dramatic conflict and give you your high spot or crisis which, you hope, will be alluded to in the papers as "a gripping scene." This will be when the sour characters are most sour and the cheerful one most cheerful, and the sour ones almost win (remember the movie rights) and then the cheerful one wins after all (I'm glad you took my advice about the movies).

By this time, if you are as clever as I am, you will be saying, What about a Plot? You were nearly sent to the foot of the class in guessing what the actor personified a little ways back, but now you prove a good scholar. You are right. A plot is essential. The thing to do is to remodel an old one and double the rent, so that the tenants pay in one year the entire cost of remodeling. Because it doesn't matter what plot you put into the play when you write it. The director and producer will change it around anyhow during rehearsal. Give them a bit of *Hamlet*, like Noel Coward, or a bit of *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*, like Noel Coward. In fact, be as like Noel Coward as you dare and success is yours. Or Avery Hopwood, for that matter; or George S. Kaufman. Snatch what you can and trust the producer.

That is, trust him within limits. Your Authors' League Contract provides for an audited and sworn statement of the box-office receipts. Stick to that, whatever else you do.

Now, the next problem in play-making
(Continued on page 62)



Photo Mortimer Offner

Laurette Taylor—the Suppressed Wife

In Philip Barry's Comedy "In a Garden"

THE best contribution Vaudeville ever made to the American public was its gift of Laurette Taylor to the legitimate stage. "La Belle Laurette" she was called in those early days, and she was still in her teens when she starred in *His Child Wife*. She made her first appearance on the New York stage in 1903 as Flossie Cooper in *From Rags to Riches*. Her first real success was as Rose Lane in *Alias Jimmy Valentine* at Wallack's in 1910, which was followed by a still greater hit as Luana in *The Bird of Paradise* at Daly's in 1912, until at last came that splendid opportunity, *Peg o' My Heart*, written by J. Hartley Manners, whom she married. This was followed by a long string of metropolitan appearances, practically all of them hits

Behind the Player's Mask

What a Character Expert Reads in the Faces of Three Broadway Favorites

By F. VANCE de REVERE

For centuries fortune-telling and character-reading from a study of the lines in the human hand has been done by experts with astonishing results. Mrs. F. Vance de Revere, the writer of the following article, a modern delver in this ancient science, has met with equal success in estimating character from a study of the lines and features of the human face. For THEATRE MAGAZINE she has selected three characters—now prominently before the public—and after a close study of their features during a personal interview, tells us what she finds there—facts that their many admirers will be interested to know.—EDITOR.

WHEN I met Miss Eva Le Gallienne, the first thought that passed through my mind was, "Why do people say this actress is frigid and that she hides behind a mask?" Probably it is because she attends strictly to her own affairs and does not pry into the affairs of others. Then, too, she has much dignity, poise and self-control. I found her as natural a woman as I have met in her profession, not frigid or difficult to penetrate. She is better endowed mentally than most people of her own profession, and this adds to her interesting personality.

In reading the character of this artist I noticed, first, the long line from the metus of the ear to the point of the chin. This shows a strong will, determination and executive ability. In the chin and jaw are found a nature which believes in freedom of thought and opinion and one who is individual and frequently thinks differently from the masses and general run of ideas. A person who likes to be permitted to do her own thinking and makes her own decisions. One who has initiative and, when in quest of knowledge, gives little thought to health, strength and physical development. A very ambitious person. The shape of the chin denotes a nature which likes to be petted and calls affection forth. This shaped chin is not usually found with faculties which are well developed in Miss Le Gallienne and therefore would be governed, to a great extent, by the other faculties. Persistence is found in this chin and shows a person who puts forth every effort in anything she undertakes to do.

THE upper lip shows one who cares little for outward display or clothes and would never appear overdressed or conspicuous in appearance; a kindly nature with much poise and self-control. The lower lip shows one who would be very loyal in friendship. One who prefers quality to quantity in clothes and also in friends. A few well-chosen associates mean more to her than acquaintances in great numbers.

The nose shows a lack of forwardness and aggression, splendid powers of concen-

tration, a good sense of values and, when interested in anything, she would be very observing but wholly unobserving when

rial, has more nervous force and energy than physical endurance. She is dignified, proud, a very industrious, intense nature, with a natural aptitude for languages. She is a person who enjoys solitude, has great interest in human motives and human nature. Her self-control and repression are too great for her own good. Miss Le Gallienne is a person of quality, who is better equipped mentally than most of us, and her greatest charm is her naturalness and her highly individual nature.



Vandamm



Murray



Murray

Eva Le Gallienne (circle), Elsie Ferguson and Jane Cowl, who were interviewed by the author of this article in their dressing-rooms so she might make a careful analysis of their respective characters

disinterested. Here, too, is shown an analytical mind. In the cheeks is found a very reserved, cautious nature, one with secrecy and repression well developed. Here, too, is found great intensity. The forehead shows splendid mental development, good reflective faculties, a good memory except for dates and figures. The lines in the forehead denote a serious, conscientious nature and a logical thinker. The narrowness above and across the eyes shows little liking for mathematics. The perceptive qualities are good, showing a love of the beautiful.

Back of the hair line the language sign is well developed, showing linguistic ability, a splendid vocabulary and rhetoric. The tune and rhythm sign is also well developed, showing a splendid ear for sound and a liking for music. The hands are most attractive, indicating a highly inspirational, sensitive nature, with a love of dramatics and an interest in the mystical and the unusual.

Summarizing the character, we would say that this artist cares more for the mental side of life than the physical and mate-

I forgot her many achievements as an artist; I thought of her only as an individual and a very interesting one. I first noticed in the upper lip the fact that she is a very sympathetic nature, tactful and kind. In the parenthesis about the mouth we find dignity, pride and a desire to excel. Such a nature is always striving to do things just a little bit better than other people and, when anything she attempts does not prove as successful as she had hoped, the reaction is greater than in one who has less pride and less ambition. In the lower lip is found a love of children and animals. A person who likes the opposite sex and strongly attracts them, a very emotional nature. This is a dominant characteristic in Miss Ferguson, and this, combined with an enormous amount of nervous vitality, makes a very magnetic personality. In fact, her magnetism is so great that, regardless of the weakness of the play she may be in, the audience, when the play is over, comes away, saying, "The play wasn't much, but isn't Miss Ferguson lovely, isn't she beautiful?" From my view-point, I do not find

(Continued on page 62)



Florence Vandamm Studio

JACQUES LERNER AND HIS ALTER EGO

The thrill of the French melodrama "The Monkey Talks" at the Sam Harris Theatre is the appearance of this hairy ape which, as the action of the play develops, the spectators soon know to be a circus performer who has adopted this disguise to earn a living. The "make-up" of Mr. Lerner, the little French actor, is so remarkable and his simian tricks and movements so life-like, that at first the audience was really fooled into mistaking the actor for a real monkey. This picture, made by the Florence Vandamm studio, is a triumph in the difficult photographic art of double exposure, the same man being taken in two different costumes, on the same plate



Florence Vandamm Studio

ESTELLE WINWOOD AS KATHARINE AND ROLLO PETERS AS PETRUCHIO
IN "THE TAMING OF THE SHREW" AT THE KLAU THEATRE

ACT IV, SCENE I: Petruchio: "Come, Kate, sit down. I know you have a stomach. Will you give thanks, sweet Kate, or else shall I? What is this? Mutton?"

Mr. Hornblow Goes to the Play

Watch the Expression on His Face



DEEP in the labyrinth of New York's picturesque Ghetto, down past the teeming push-carts and black-eyed babies of Grand Street, caught miraculously within the confines of the small stage of the Neighborhood Playhouse, I found that beauty and enchantment which have been lacking in our theatre for many a moon. The moment the curtain goes up on *The Dybbuk*, revealing three bearded prayer men, crooning about a wooden table, the rabbinical students poring fervently over their tomes in the shifting light of the tall candles, the altar almost lost in shadows, a spell is worked upon the audience.

This play by the Russian author, Ansky, performed several seasons ago at the Yiddish Art Theatre, has not the whining and the breast-beating all too often connected with the Yiddish play. At any rate, as produced by the Neighborhood Players, it was more restrained and had more of that dignity befitting its theme than Maurice Schwartz gave it. *The Dybbuk* is a folk-play, built upon an ardent superstition of the imaginative and emotionally religious Jew. The tale is simple enough. A young rabbinical student, denied the girl he loves, dies, and on her wedding day his restless, unhappy spirit enters hers, possessing her completely. The powerful third act concerns itself with the struggles of the holy rabbi, working with the mysteries and ardor of his faith, to free the girl's body of the evil spirit.

Mary Ellis was inspired in her characterization of the pallid bride and Albert Carroll gave a tensely emotional performance of the young student. The entire cast was excellent, but what struck me most forcibly was the ensemble—the professional prayer men—the beggar wedding guests—the followers of Chassidim. The Moscow Art Theatre could not surpass the wonder of detail and directing evident in this play, which is the best thing the theatre has offered this season.

A SINGULAR combination of dramatic ineptness with romantic interests came to light at the Forty-eighth Street Theatre under the title *Downstream*. Two hitherto unknown authors endeavored to tell a story about some happenings on board an Ohio tugboat. They gave it much local color and considerable opportunity for impersonation, but they did not prove themselves dramatists in the way their incidents are marshaled. The result was only an occasional flicker of suspense and interest. The only characters endowed with any vitality were a loose-moraled

but attractive young woman who figured as the cook's wife on the towboats and a "softy" boy who had sought shelter on the same craft.

Roberta Arnold gave a warm and compelling impersonation of the young woman, and Rex Cherryman a pathetically real picture of the youth who comes to sexual maturity in her environment. The plot, such as it is, concerns itself with the doings of the cook's wife, who first rouses the boy out of his inertia to make a

source and talent. Her Katharine was vigorous in its intensity and quite charming in the closing moments of appropriate sobriety. Ernest Cossart brought the real spirit of the true Shakespearian clown to his very funny rendering of Grumio.

IF the late H. V. Esmond had had a story to tell in the last play he wrote, called *The House of Ussher*, he would no doubt have told it well, for he was a good technician. But after chaining the interest of the audience with a first act that seemed to promise all sorts of things, he ended in final vacuity. He built up scenes, but he didn't build up a play. He defined various characters, and we had scarcely grasped them before they were dropped, so that by the end of the play but two remained that seemed to have any dramatic importance, and these two, the father and the daughter, did so many things that were without pith or moment that the whole fable became empty.

Briefly told, *The House of Ussher* shows how one of those overprosperous millionaires of Jewish extraction, that only exist in London society plays, turns down his good-looking young secretary for daring to love the pretty daughter of the house. This daughter, being a self-willed young minx who has inherited her father's love of dominance, tells her pa to go to thunder, forges his name to a check, and with that capital gambles on the stock-market and makes enough money to be independent. While the outraged sire is still debating whether he ought or ought not to prosecute his beloved offspring it is revealed that she has been holding compromising trysts with her lover. Then the stern parent turns a moral somersault and insists on marrying her off at once to the man of her choice. Simple as this tale reads, it trickles through sundry and various byways in the play before it assumes this concrete form. It is clearly a case of a playwright trying to use technique instead of interesting material.

The pretty little Fifth Avenue Playhouse, which comfortably seats some two or three hundred people in a spacious room on Fifth Avenue near Twelfth Street, was the scene of this offering. The cast was excellent, and in one essential, namely that of clear diction, these eclectic players might serve as a model for the more pretentious up-town play factories.

Rosalinde Fuller played the daughter with brilliant resourcefulness; she was a double delight—to ear and eye. Clarence Derwent executed all the moods assigned by the author to the stern parent with clear intelligence and the requisite sense of humor. The other characters were in equally capable hands.

Plays You Ought to See

CRADLE SNATCHERS—Most amusing comedy farce, showing how three wives, annoyed by flirtatious husbands, adopt desperate remedies. Funniest play in town.

DEAREST ENEMY—Melodious and picturesque operetta of the American Revolution. Beautifully sung, staged and acted.

NO, NO, NANETTE—Excellent entertainment with brisk comedy by Charles Wininger and some remarkable dancing by Louise Groody.

THE LAST OF MRS. CHEYNEY—Smart and entertaining crook play, with Ina Claire as a girl thief who wins her way in society.

THE DYBBUK—Jewish folk-play, full of beauty and enchantment, in which Mary Ellis gives an inspired performance as the bewitched bride. The best thing the present season has so far offered.

THE VAGABOND KING—Singing version of the romantic drama, *If I Were King*. Beautifully sung and admirably acted.

THE VORTEX—Drama satirizing in merciless manner the degenerate life of London's idle rich. Splendid performance by Noel Coward, author of the play, supported by Lillian Braithwaite.

YOUNG WOODLEY—Charming comedy of English school life, with Glenn Hunter as a dreaming schoolboy, and a wonderful performance by Helen Gahagan as the master's wife.

man of him and then makes him realize that his young life is worth a better goal than herself by sending him out of her life before he has entered it. The authors piece out their story with a storm and shipwreck and sundry other small happenings, but the product remains more of a magazine story than a play.

FOR the holidays special matinées of *The Taming of the Shrew* were given at the Klaw, ostensibly for younger theatregoers as an introduction to Shakespeare. In it Rollo Peters was a particularly moving spirit inasmuch as he not only enacted Petruchio with conventional dash and bravura, but designed the setting—there was only one, the changes in place being indicated by signs—and the costumes, creations of appropriate variety and beauty. The inner stage, superimposed upon the stage proper, limited the space for acting, and as the comedy was played in the spirit of broad farce, the sweep of movement was somewhat curtailed, while the nicety of broad treatment needed showed a "tardy coming off," the result of too few rehearsals. But it served its purpose and showed Estelle Winwood to be at all times an actress of fine re-



THE *Monkey Talks*, at the Sam Harris Theatre, loudly heralded as a sensation of Paris and London, proved a decidedly tame affair with a human ape as the freakish star and a back-stage view of French circus life for a colorful setting. When it is stated that, at the *première*, the loudest applause of the evening went to a gentleman on stilts who had nothing to do with the action of the play, but who, in the Folies Bergère scene, did wonders with his unnaturally elongated legs dancing the Charleston, one can gather some idea of the importance of the occasion.



Not that the show is entirely without merit or interest. The extraordinarily lifelike appearance of Faho, the educated chimpanzee—a veritable triumph in simian make-up—is alone worth the price of your seat. When Jacques Lerner, the little French actor who plays the part, comes on with his monkey skin and hairy paws you gasp and rub your eyes. Surely it's no human being—but a real ape! The brutal, cunning face, the hairy hands, the flat snout and heavy jaw, the shambling gait, the agility with which he climbs ropes and springs on tables—above all, the expert manner in which he scratches his fleas—makes it a marvel of stage illusion.

All through the first act the illusion is maintained. Later the actor discards his skin, and we learn he is desperately in love with Dora, the pretty little tight-rope dancer. But Dora, to whom Faho is only a monkey to be spoiled with sugar and caresses, cannot guess that a man's heart beats rapturously each time she fondles the supposed beast. She is more interested in the handsome Sam Wick, the monkey's master, really a prince in disguise. A touch of pathos is given the scene by Faho's realization that Dora can never be his and is sacrificing himself so she can marry his master. The kidnapping of the heart-broken Faho by a rival showman and a savage attack on his captor by the enraged monkey furnishes a mild thrill.

Martha Bryan Allen looked very pretty and acted charmingly as the little dancer and Wilton Lackaye, an old-time favorite, gave color and humor to the rôle of the veteran circus man who knew how to tame lions but not his wife. Philip Merivale, an actor who specializes in Almanach de Gotha rôles, seemed ill at ease and somewhat out of place amid the free-and-easy, gaudy glamour of the circus.

CHIVALRY, the drama by W. J. Hurlbut, lately presented at Wallack's and withdrawn after a few performances, is another of those plays—powerfully written, with a decided punch throughout, admirably acted by a first-class cast—which, for some unaccountable reason, failed to please the public. Rarely has a native play more ingeniously contrived or with more powerful interest been produced.

In a prologue, which, artfully enough, is not supposed to precede the action of the play, but is placed first so as to wilfully intrigue the audience, the heroine is depicted as a sweet, artless girl, accused of having shot the man who wronged her, while the public showed its heartfelt sym-



pathy for her. Her case is now in the hands of the jury, and the verdict is taken for granted. The rest of the play is a flash-back, and it is shown how this sweet ingénue is a harlot at heart and a wrecker of homes. So when justice goes astray in the end through maudlin sentimentality, the author springs a trick at the finish of the play. The lawyer who has freed the woman detains the jury and the spectators in the court-room after the verdict has been rendered and delivers a violent harangue. He announces that he intends to abandon his practice at the bar, but he wants the world to know just what kind of a troll this young person really is on whom their sympathy was wasted, and though she must needs go forth a free woman, she shall remain a branded one. All this stirred the audience to a high pitch of excitement, and though some license had to be allowed for these unusual proceedings in court, the strong dramatic effect seemed to justify it.

Violet Heming gave a surprisingly expert performance of the young woman—winsome and appealing when she posed as an innocent—flaming scarlet and vindictive when she showed her true colors. Edmund Breese played the veteran lawyer, who secured the woman's freedom for the purpose of exhorting the jury with his moral lesson. When he came to his final forensic outburst, he surely gave the audience its money's worth. The play needed condensing; in fact, the entire penultimate scene might be omitted—but it deserved to live.

DARIO NICCODEMI, author of *Stolen Fruit* and *Stronger Than Love*, in which latter play Nance O'Neil was recently seen at the Belasco, is an Italian *élegant*, who, quite uninfluenced by modern symbolism and eroticism, still writes charming plays of sentiment according to the old formula. Heaven forbid that I should think less well of him for that. I, for one, prefer the old plays to some of the new. I'd even rather sit through *Abie's Irish Rose* than be bored by such weird futuristic stuff as *Processional* or *Beyond*. Niccodemi may be mid-Victorian but his work has distinction and literary charm which most of the ultramodernists utterly lack. His plays have breadth, the action moves swiftly and convincingly to a compelling climax. His dramas stir the pulse and start the tear ducts. In a word, he stirs the human emotions which, after all, is not the least important purpose of the theatre.

Stronger Than Love, called *La Nemica* (*The Enemy*) in the original, is a conflict between a mother and her son. Marius, Duc de Nievres, a likable young fellow who has just succeeded to the title, cannot understand why his mother does not respond to his affection. He is popular with everyone. Only his mother is cold and aloof. Perplexed, mentally tortured at her unnatural attitude, Marius tries to discover the cause. An unscrupulous woman whose brazen advances he ignores avenges herself by telling him the reason. He was not born in wedlock. His very existence is a constant reminder to his mother of her shame. Overwhelmed at this revelation, Marius decides to leave the ancestral home, but first seeks an interview with the duchess. He tells her what he knows. Indignantly, she denies the stigma on her name. If he must have the truth, when she married his



father she also adopted the latter's motherless boy. She is not his real mother. She has hated him all her life because he has made himself loved by all and succeeded to the title to the detriment of her own son, Gaston. The World War breaks out. All Frenchmen, of high and low degree, are called to the colors. Marius is fighting in the trenches; also her beloved Gaston. In the last act we see the duchess waiting in agony for news from the front. She knows she has been unfair to Marius, having repaid his devotion with injustice, and feels that heaven will punish her. Suddenly an army automobile dashes up. Marius, travel-stained, wounded, staggers in. Gaston is dead. Heaven's hand has fallen. Bereaved in one son, the weeping woman takes Marius to her bosom as the curtain falls.

The play is well acted, first honors going to Ralph Forbes, who gave a virile, spirited performance as Marius. Aristocratic in bearing, charming in manner, intelligently forceful in everything he does, this handsome young English actor should have a brilliant future on our stage. Katharine Grey, an old favorite, made a sympathetic grandmother and Patricia Calvert lent her charm and girlish beauty to the rôle of Florence. Ernest Lawford was excellent as the crafty lawyer Rignault and Frederick Perry contributed another of his fine stage portraits as the priest.

Nance O'Neil, the featured player, promised at one time to attain the greatest heights on the American boards. But it seems to be increasingly difficult to fit her with a part that suits her personality. Tall above the average, she has a commanding presence, a fine voice, all the technic of the trained tragédienne. Yet she leaves one cold. As the duchess, it seemed to me that she unnecessarily stresses her hate for Marius. A certain coldness of manner is called for by the part, but the actress makes the rôle too aggressive and repellent. A softer, more amiable manner would win greater sympathy from her audience.

The settings by Livingston Platt, showing the grounds and later the rooms and chapel of a French château, were rich and in excellent taste.

ARTHUR HAMMERSTEIN spread himself to such an extent on the production of *Song of the Flame* at the Forty-fourth Street Theatre that the main impression one took away after the first night was of being somewhat stifled. The piece is called a romantic opera. It tells, or tries to tell, how a Russian Joan of Arc of the present century, nicknamed "The Flame," incited the Communists to insurrection against the aristocracy and then fell in love with one of the aristocrats. The *Song of the Flame* is intended to be a second *Marseillaise*. If the libretto by Otto Harbach and Oscar Hammerstein, 2nd, had been as exciting in its execution as it is in its intent, the result would have been much more dramatic. But the librettists, as is often the case in these overdressed spectacles, are forced to make way all through the evening for the impresario to revel in his costly side-shows. Nor is it fair to complain that the book lacks humor. A very fair attempt at lightness was visible at odd times during the evening, but comedy does not thrive in hectic frenzies. Encouraged by the success of his earlier produc-





Raquel Meller first attracted attention when she sang her native folk-songs in a little music hall, managing by a few simple gestures to people a bare stage at will with laughing villagers, a dying toreador or a desolate street-singer



Her remarkable pantomimic powers, her graceful carriage, the delicate play of emotions over her face and the startling beauty of her dark eyes ideally suits this Andalusian for the screen, as was proven by the success of her film, *Violettes Imperiales*

One of Raquel Meller's most popular numbers is *Flor del Mal*, in which the singer's dramatic force and high imagination are displayed to striking advantage

RAQUEL MELLER—A NEW STAGE PERSONALITY

Dubbed the Yvette Guilbert of Spain, this remarkable artist, whose fame has spread all over the world, intrigues even the most blasé of theatre-goers with her unique personality and art. With the aid of a black velvet drop curtain, a few gestures of her arm, above all the pregnant quality of her voice, she transforms an empty stage into colorful gardens, busy streets, the crowded arena of a bull fight, etc. After many postponements she will make her first appearance in America next month under the exclusive management of Ray Goetz

tion, *Rose-Marie*, Mr. Hammerstein endeavored to go that popular success several better. But he overdid it. There was very little sustained interest in the play, and the music of Messrs. Stothart and Gershwine does not quite make up with its vast quantity for its sparse melodiousness. It is only fair to admit that two numbers have a great popular appeal, the *Song of the Flame* and the *Cossack Love Song*.

Tessa Kosta is the prima donna, pleasant throughout but seldom powerful. Greek Evans plays a traitorous conspirator with a fine baritone voice, and Guy Robertson as the amorous aristocrat sings the tenor part charmingly. Bernhard Gorcey, the diminutive comedian, has a difficult task to be droll in the quicksands of lavishness, but he is an actor of considerable method and keeps within the character of the kinsman of the aristocrat. Dorothy Mackaye cavorts with nimble attractiveness, and Ula Sharon again proved herself one of the most fascinating little toe-dancers New York has seen in many a day. The Moscow Art Choir sang Russian songs, unaccompanied, with fine effect, and Joseph Urban has done some extraordinary things in the way of scenery.

THAT the Revue has been done to death in this town, and has seen its best days, no one will deny. When these shows—which are not



reviews at all, but only a series of more or less amusing vaudeville sketches loosely strung together by Russian dancers, spectacular tableaux, black-face comedians and what-not—were a novelty, they hit the fancy of Broadway and the whole town rushed to see them. In those days their promoters really exerted themselves to turn out something worth while—gorgeous as to *mise-*

en-scène and costume; scintillatingly clever as to wise-cracking wit—and the result was Success with a big S. Ziegfeld was the pioneer with his *Follies*, Greenwich Village running him a close second. Then came Sam Harris, George White, Hassard Short and Earl Carroll with their *Scandals*, *Music Box* and *Vanities*, the Shuberts easily the winner with their incomparable *Artists and Models*. To-day, barring the last-named, which has kept up its standard, these sublimated vaudeville shows are nothing like as good as they used to be. They are dull as to wit, impoverished as to invention. Possibly it is thought that the mere trade-mark, "Revue," will carry the thing along quite irrespective of merit. If this be the policy, it is a fatal one that can have only one end—the total collapse and ultimate disappearance of this form of entertainment, which, after all, makes a greater appeal to the visiting hicks and yaps of our vast American hinterland than it does to metropolitan theatregoers of intelligence.

The foregoing remarks are provoked by the present spectacle at the Forty-sixth Street Theatre—the *Seventh Annual Greenwich Village Follies*. Hassard Short, who is responsible for this season's show, has to his credit remarkable achievements in this direction, but the *Greenwich Village Follies* will not be remembered among his happiest efforts. The show is dull. The sketches are crude and lack real punch. The whole is devoid of zest or humor. The stage tableaux are without richness or beauty and the costuming—compared to the standard set elsewhere—commonplace and un-

attractive. I cannot recall a single number of the show that stands out or that would give me the slightest desire to see it again—yes, just one, the marvelous dancing of Natacha Nattova and Jean Myrio. These terpsichorean artists do some wonderful work, the man a superdancer of strength and agility, the woman a graceful little nymph, executing a phenomenal spring by which with her legs alone she catches her partner by the neck—a feat which brought down the house and quite awoke the audience from its apathy.

WHEN M. Charlot, the Anglicized Frenchman, first brought his *Revue Intime* to New York, the success of this British importation on Broadway was by no means assured. It seemed too much like carrying coals to Newcastle for a London producer to be able to compete here with other highly popular native shows of the same description. That probably is why the Shuberts hesitated for six years to put their signature to the Charlot contract until the latter, his patience exhausted, signed with the Selwyns.



The prognosticators were wrong. The *Charlot Revue* came and proved a big success—so much so that other London entertainers who specialize in Revue dance and patter were tempted to cross the ocean.

Among these are Jack Hulbert and his wife, Cicely Courtneidge, a pair of uncommonly clever performers, who in their Revue, called *By the Way*, have set a pace at the Gaiety that behooves all business rivals, both American and English-French, to look well to their laurels. What the delightful Beatrice Lillie is to the *Charlot Revue*, Cicely Courtneidge, a most versatile and charming artist, is to *By the Way*. An accomplished comédienne, a clever dancer, a bewitching personality, Cicely Courtneidge is a host in herself. What she can't do is not worth doing. In the sketch, *Greek As She Is Taught*, particularly she was wholly delightful, playing the rôle of a mischievous schoolboy with all the art of the trained actress. We see her in a deserted classroom, a mere slip of a boy, kept in because he does not know his Greek lesson. Over him stands the master (Jack Hulbert), cane in hand, while through the open window are heard the cheers of a cricket match being played just outside. The effort of the boy to fix his attention on the lesson the while his ear, fascinated by the spectators' cheers, he attempts to follow the score, the master also betraying keen interest in the game, results in one of the most uproariously amusing scenes Broadway has laughed at for some time.

Jack Hulbert, a tall, lean Englishman, is a capital comedian and clever dancer. His quiet humor and nimble legs at once won favor with his public. The show is well put on, with attractive costumes and smart settings. No nudity and no vulgarity. The pretty English girls, with their grace of manner and charming diction, strike a note that is decidedly refreshing. We hope to see more of the Hulberts. There is room for talent like theirs on Broadway.

TALKING of *Revue*s, there's also the smart show, *A Night in Paris*, with which the Messrs. Shubert opened their reconstructed Casino de Paris, atop the Century Theatre. Artistically upholstered in green and orange,

with multicolored light clusters, the auditorium is pleasing to the eye and, with a red-sashed Apache or two standing around, the atmosphere is that of Montmartre. The chairs are roomy and comfortable and one may smoke—a privilege that, personally, I could cheerfully dispense with. Smoking within the narrow confines of a theatre is not the most healthy or agreeable thing in the world. Why the non-smoker should have his complete enjoyment of the performance spoiled because another person sitting next to him chooses to puff the fumes of a bad cigar in his face, I could never understand. It may be some people's idea of a square deal. It isn't mine. But to return to the show—a typical *Follies* show with Gallic trimmings. Smarter than most and sketches that are really clever, also pretty girls—dressed and undressed—marvellous dancers, amusing comedians and spectacular tableaux that for originality of invention and beauty of *mise-en-scène*, equal if they do not excel anything Broadway has seen in this line. Some of the playlets are uncommonly good. There are burlesques of the year's successes—*The Green Hat* and *The Vortex*, with the former easily the best. Barnett Parker as Mr. Manhattan, viewing and commenting on the play, is a scream. The sketch, *In Chinatown in Frisco*, is a more ambitious effort, acted with real feeling and no mean dramatic ability by Catherine as a Chinese girl and Oyra as the Chinaman. Yvonne George sang a French song of sentiment, *Pars*, very charmingly, and that *débonair* entertainer, Jack Osterman, kept things lively with his songs and comedy patter. The Gertrude Hoffman girls contribute grace and beauty to the ensembles, and there is plenty of fancy dancing by Vanessi, George Dobbs and others.



AFTER a long fare of odorous Hungarian stews, the Theatre Guild decided to vary the diet by dishing up a plain French *rôti*—*Merchants of Glory*, an ironical comedy of the great war by two boulevard playwrights heretofore unknown to fame.

A young French soldier, being reported as having died a hero on the battle-field, his death is used by his father and political supporters as

a party platform on which to seek election to the Chamber of Deputies. Just before the election the "dead" man turns up alive, having emerged from an insane asylum, where he has been confined ten years. Panic-stricken at this

unlooked-for blocking of their plans, the politicians compel the young man to conceal his identity. The father wins the election and later is made cabinet minister. In the last act the son assumes another name, while conspicuous behind the father's desk, hangs the large oil-painting of the "dead" hero, forever keeping the legend alive.

The central idea of the play is not without merit. The drama holds the interest and makes a strong human appeal. Better acted and more expertly handled by the playwrights, it might have scored more heavily than it did. For the most part it is talky, theatrical and cluttered with wearisome, unnecessary scenes that, in-

(Continued on page 66)





Act II: Guests and beggars assemble to watch the impending wedding of Leah (Mary Ellis) to a groom chosen by her practical father



Act III: Rabbi Shamshon (Otto Hulicius) and the two Dayanim (George Hoag and Harold West) begin to exorcise the spirit of the dead student who loved Leah in life and who, even in death, has prevented her marriage with another



Act III: The restless spirit of Channon has been driven from Leah's body, but a strange spell still holds the girl, who, dazed and worn out, silently leans upon her foster-mother (Dorothy Sands) for support

Photos
Bruguère

"THE DYBBUK" DRAWS CROWDS TO THE NEIGHBORHOOD PLAYHOUSE

The players on Grand Street invest Ansky's powerful Jewish folk-drama with a new beauty and holy mystery

Seeing the Operatic Wheels Go Round

Stupendous Outlay and Mechanical Wizardry Make "La Vestale" High-water Mark in Stage Production

By MARY WATKINS

Author of "Behind the Scenes at the Opera," etc.

ONE afternoon last Spring the Property Man at the Metropolitan Opera House let fall a hint: "Next season we're going to put on a show that will be a knockout." The show, *La Vestale*, the second of the season's novelties, arrived in due course—the biggest thing in the nature of expensive spectacle that Signor Gatti or any other operatic impresario has ever attempted.

The singers, the orchestra, the musical score can be considered leisurely from the comfortable shelter of a chair in the auditorium. Not so the opera's other wonders. What does one know about the perils of Fifth Avenue traffic, an earthquake, the English Channel in a storm, or any other world phenomena until he has actually experienced it? So also no one can know *La Vestale* until he has been back where the wheels go round.

Ignoring for the moment the tremendous activity in designing, painting, carpentry, rehearsing, worrying that had been going on at the Opera House for months prior to production, let us begin with an actual performance. With the curtain scheduled for 8 P. M., by 6.30 things are well under way. The artists are all safely in their dressing-rooms, busily applying grease paint, the musicians are gathering in their subterranean green-room to tune up, and the great stage is as quiet as a churchyard. To be sure, it has taken approximately five hours to set the temples and arches, the platforms, steps and perspectives which translate the Roman Forum to Broadway and Thirty-ninth Street, but now that it is done, tranquillity reigns.

The interest for the moment centers in the down-stairs room, where gather the supernumeraries, or more colloquially, the "Supers." Two hundred of them are needed for *La Vestale*. This means that Mr. Judels—a person without official title, but whose value to the company is above rubies—the man who numbers among his various occupations the colossal responsibility of getting every performer, great and small, who is concerned in a production, to the opera house on the correct day and hour—Mr. Judels has sent out a "call" to all the names on his list of candidates some days ago. The response has been gratifying. Many of the old-timers are here, men who know the ropes, who can be depended upon to lead a squad across the terrifying reaches of the big stage, but there are not enough. Fifty or sixty have to be picked hurriedly from the hopeful line which forms outside the stage door on every night of any opera which involves processions or mobs.

FROM EIGHTEEN TO EIGHTY

MR. JUDELS has made his selections, the men being accepted in the order of their appearance unless their type is too plainly "off." This contingency, however, is rare. A Super need be no Apollo to be

eligible; he may be anywhere from eighteen to eighty, and he can even earn his dollar in spite of physical defects. We chatted with one individual in breastplate and helmet who failed to respond to desperate efforts in any of the four languages current at the "Met." At last he removed his head-piece, allowed us to appraise its distressing weight, and tapped his ears sadly. This gentleman, acolyte in the temple of beautiful noise, was stone deaf! Nevertheless, he is an old and valued recruit.

ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS

THEY come from all walks of life, these assorted gentry who make the operatic stage an incident of their otherwise unspectacular careers. In the good old days they were a superior body indeed; embryo lawyers, doctors, writers, musicians, boys from the local colleges who took that chance to hear good music and rub elbows with great stage personalities. But now, as the age grows commercial, the pay is the thing, and those who rush into armor and tote spears and banners are in a large degree those who need the price of a dinner. If an academic lad strays in among them, it is usually on a bet or a dare. Another factor is the new rule which clears the wings and flies of all except electricians and "hands" who are there on business. Hence for the Super there is no listening in beyond their brief moment before the footlights. The old-timers, however, men who have grown gray in the service since the days of Grau and the great stars, have so formed the habit of adding this bit of histrionic seasoning to their lives that they rarely miss a performance. Their demeanor is noticeable in the midst of the indifference or levity of their associates in moments "at ease." They are very solemn and do not seem to feel in the least silly in their classic trappings. Bony old knees may be bare and bowed, heads may meet the helmet's heavy metal without benefit of cushioning hair, and certain sagging paunches destroy the perfect symmetry of the tunic's cut, but faces are serious, earnest, reminiscent. They consider themselves artists, and if they drive street-cars, or adding-machines, or mops and brushes by day, at night comes their glorification.

The dressers for the Supers are hard-working and resourceful. Every regular member of the company, down to the smallest ballet baby, has his or her individually fitted costume, not so the lowlier transient. So the dresser must be able to expand or reef in a jerkin in the twinkling of an eye, must adjust shoes, hats, collars, to assorted physiques with swift decision. As to make-up—barring certain outstanding figures which are sometimes indicated—the super goes unpainted. When, as in *La Vestale*, negroes are required as a feature, Mr. Judels produces the real thing rather than rely on burnt cork and brown shirts.

These gentlemen of color are among the most ardent auxiliaries; their natural *flair* for the theatre, their love of color and spectacle makes them exceedingly effective. And they take their responsibilities as seriously as Mr. Johnson and Mr. Mardones in the same cast. Witness the solicitous behavior of the eight bronze charioteers.

The *Vestale* costumes are brilliant and new. One by one, each man emerges from the lower regions as his exotic toilet is completed, mingles for a picturesque instant with the door attendants in their drab modernity, then joins his fellows upon the stage where a rehearsal is called for seven o'clock.

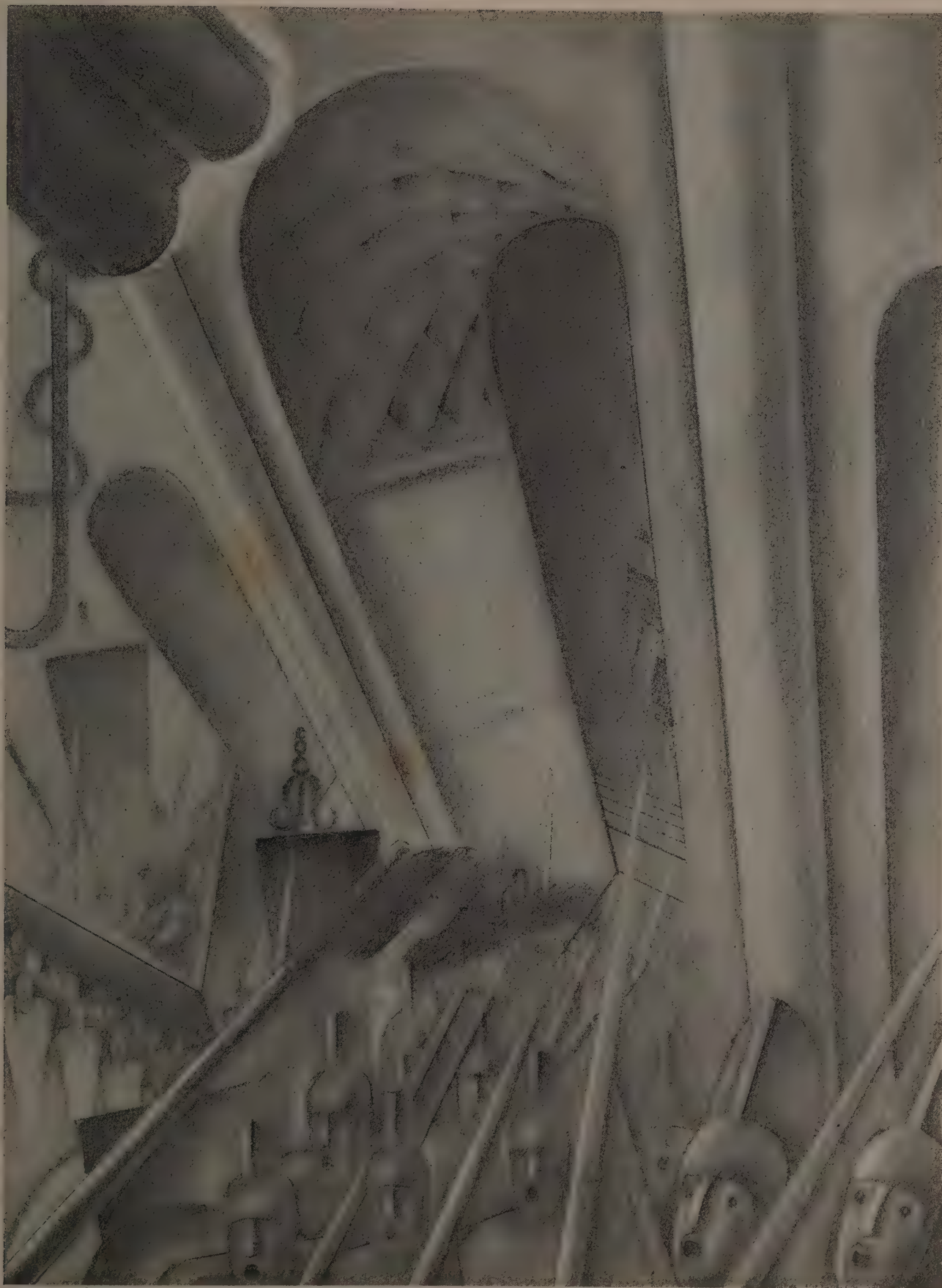
Here is Mr. von Wymetal, the Stage Director, as calm and patient and polite as if he were dealing with Miss Ponselle and Madame Matzenauer. He outlines briefly and in excellent English the maneuvers which the great finale of Act I will entail, and the various groups of soldiers, lictors, legionaries, standard-bearers and prætorians march and counter-march. There is no music, but later at the supreme moment he and his lieutenants will be behind convenient bits of scenery where they can whisper, "One—two—three. . . . Go!" and Mr. Setti, the prince of chorus-masters, will be in costume on the stage to superintend personally the general groupings. The Supers are not nervous. They have been told so exactly what to do that they consider the whole affair fool-proof. At the performances given thus far, not one mistake has been made, not one order has miscarried. And each night the greater number have been "green." Citations and medals for a certain Mr. Sannce, their own special top sergeant, to say nothing of the above-mentioned Field-Marshal von Wymetal!

Now, however, zero hour is approaching. Certain dread officials cluster in a central group before the lowered asbestos curtain and hold a staff conference. Chiefs of the electrical, the properties, the engineering departments look over the *terrain* of the approaching battle. The supers scuttle for cover like frightened refugees. Mr. Edwards, champion disciplinarian and chief of police, casts a relentless eye about for lurking miscreants. Curtain men in plum-colored small-clothes advance to their posts. The opera is on!

A VERITABLE BABEL OF SOUND

THE two singers on the stage give melodious tongue to the Spontinian lyrics, but now in the wings arises a babel which it would seem must carry through the house and out into Broadway. The Metropolitan is, however, an acoustic marvel; no one in the vast audience suspects the murmuring of five hundred milling, restless humans who now wait in the darkened recesses back-stage for their moment of orderly release to the footlights. One hundred

(Continued on page 64)



Sketch by Emilio Amaro

"LA VESTALE"—FROM THE WINGS

From the electrician's box, back stage at the Metropolitan Opera House, Emilio Amaro, the talented Mexican artist, catches all the effects of towering temple, massed Roman cohorts, the clashing mob movement and spectacle of the stupendous production of Spontini's opera

A Theatre That Is Different

Boleslavsky's Laboratory Playhouse New York's Only Real Home of Repertoire

By RICHARD SAVAGE

THERE is a new theatre in New York, and it is "different."

It is the American Laboratory Theatre, housed in a tiny playhouse at 107 West Fifty-eighth Street. Already it is playing its part in the movement which is rapidly making New York the center of the theatrical world, making another of that group of little theatres which includes the Provincetown Playhouse, the Greenwich Village Theatre, the Neighborhood Playhouse, the Cherry Lane Theatre and the Fifth Avenue Theatre. Dedicated to the presentation of the best in art, the American Laboratory Theatre yet stands a little apart from these other organizations in that it has been built largely about a single personality. In short, for probably the first time in American theatrical history, a man as well as an institution has been endowed. This man is Richard Boleslavsky, former director of the Moscow Art Theatre Studio.

LIKE most organizations which have in them the breath of life, the American Laboratory Theatre has been slow of growth, the natural development of a very modest beginning. Two years ago Mr. Boleslavsky, at the suggestion of several American friends, undertook the instruction of a class of young people in the art of acting and producing. For the first two years no public performances were attempted, but as his pupils gained in efficiency, his backers decided that the time had come for an extension of the work, and thus the American Laboratory Theatre came into being. Unlike, for instance, the Theatre Guild, the Laboratory Theatre is the outgrowth of a school of acting and not a school of acting the outgrowth of a theatre. Mr. Boleslavsky is a believer in the Shakespearean doctrine that "the play's the thing," but he believes that for the proper production of a play a company of players trained in the same method and able to undertake a variety of parts is a prime essential. Which simply means that he is a believer in the old stock company. Such a company is now in process of formation in the little playhouse in West Fifty-eighth Street, and the results already arrived at have been most encouraging both to the director himself and to his financial backers.

THE Laboratory Theatre is at the present moment the only strictly repertory theatre in New York. So far this season three plays have been presented on alternate nights—Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night*,

Amélie Rives' (Princess Troubetskoy) *The Sea-Woman's Cloak* and a dramatization of Hawthorne's *Scarlet Letter*, made by Miriam Stockton. To these plays others will be added as the season progresses. The plays have all been given by an acting group composed of Mr. Boleslavsky's pupils of the last two years, supplemented when necessary by members of the school. Moreover, the stage management, lighting, costuming and scenic investiture are also products of the director's pupils, the scenery and costumes being made in the Laboratory

accepted idea of this play as a romantic comedy, he produces it quite frankly as an uproarious farce. In doing so he destroys, perhaps, the poetry, but he gains a really extraordinary vitality of spirit. It is in this freshening of the old classics as well as in the production of new and significant plays that the backers of the theatre hope to give to the American drama something which it long has needed. They seek thus to avoid the stratification which commercial art sooner or later always succumbs to.

THE little theatre itself seats only ninety-nine people, yet the stage is ample in size and the lighting equipment one of the best in America. On the same floor as the playhouse are the scenic and costume rooms, and on the floor above the rooms devoted to the school. Plans are already under way for the gathering of an endowment sufficient to buy a site and erect a theatre in which the company can have a fit and permanent home. While these plans have not yet been fully formulated, the interest already aroused and the response both public and critical has been unusual. Already the school is self-supporting and the number of applicants for admission so great that only a small portion can be accommodated.

Mr. Boleslavsky, though during the war an officer of Russian cavalry, is a Pole by birth. He joined the Moscow Art Theatre in 1906, while he was still a student at Moscow University. During his first three years with this organization he was a pupil of Stanislavsky and Moskvina and also appeared frequently as an actor. Driven from Russia by the Bolsheviks, he joined his old companions when they came to America two years ago, playing

Satan in *The Lower Depths* and the title rôle in *Tsar Theodor*. When Gordon Craig visited Moscow to produce *Hamlet*, he worked with him in that stage director's model shop, after which, up to the outbreak of the war, he devoted himself to producing. Working with a group of young actors from the Moscow Art Theatre, he founded the first studio attached to that institution. It was here that he produced *Twelfth Night* in the form which audiences at the Laboratory Theatre have witnessed it. When the revolution forced him to leave Russia, he went to Warsaw, where he produced among other plays Victor Hugo's *Ruy Blas* and Molière's *The Upstart Nobleman*, both at the Polish Theatre, and for the Polish Ministry of

(Continued on page 66)



Photo Bruguère

Hester Prynne (Helen Coburn), Rev. Arthur Dimmesdale (George Macready) and Roger Chillingworth (Grover Burgess) in the American Laboratory Theatre's production of Miriam Stockton's dramatization of Hawthorne's *Scarlet Letter*

Theatre's own studios. Thus the organization has already become a complete producing unit.

In the training of his actors Mr. Boleslavsky does not attempt to teach the mere mechanics of acting. He does not wish to make his pupils the puppets of his will, but rather to instill in them an understanding of the psychology of the characters they are to interpret and the mood which the author wishes to project to the audience and from this allow the actor to formulate that mood in the manner natural to him. But in doing this Mr. Boleslavsky never loses sight of the fact that the director must synthesize the actor's efforts into a perfect whole. In this mere tradition plays small part in his conceptions. Take his direction, for instance, of *Twelfth Night*. Abandoning the



In the fair Olivia's house, Malvolio (Herbert Gallendre) tells Olivia (Agnes James) of the arrival of the disguised Viola



Sir Toby Belch (Walter Duggan) takes mockingly the pleading of Maria (Roberta Reneys) that he give up drinking



Sir Toby, in the drinking bout at Olivia's house, insists that there will always be cakes and ale



A scene in *The Sea Woman's Cloak*, an Irish folk-drama by the Princess Troubetskoy

A PLAYHOUSE WHERE THE FUTURE STIMULATES THE PAST

Scenes from Richard Boleslavsky's productions of "Twelfth Night" and "The Sea Woman's Cloak" at the Laboratory Theatre

Has This Been Explained to You?

The Greenhorn Is Answered by the People Who Ought to Know

(Fourth Series)

WHY ARE ACTORS CONCEITED?
ANSWERED BY WELLINGTON CROSS.

Comedian of "No, No, Nanette."

THAT'S a terrible question to ask an actor! A manager now, or a stage director, could give you all kinds of reasons—but an actor! To properly answer it he has to step outside himself, so to speak, and give his species the "once-over" with an almost traitorous impartiality. That isn't easy because his first inclination is to deny the accusation, and yet, he knows it is true. Yes, in a peculiar but definite sense, actors are conceited!

Why are they conceited? Now comes some tall explaining! First, a good actor must have what is called "stage presence." This requires a perfect assurance in his art and his personal ability; if he lacks it he might as well give up trying to act. But this self-esteem is of a peculiar variety. It is more than pride and less than vanity—a sort of protective coat that he wears outside his usually super-sensitive self.

If this esteem is justified, it will be immediately recognized. This recognition takes a very unusual form. People applaud him. They clap their hands together, creating a noise which has been the symbol of approbation since Hector was a pup. You can't blame him if this sometimes goes to his head. Imagine a salesman coming back from a profitable trip, walking down the aisle to the manager's office between rows of applauding clerks.

Yet the salesman would have a good deal less reason to be proud, on this account, than the actor, because the actor's stock in trade is his acting, while the salesman's stock in trade is the thing he sells. And a wide and glamorous publicity is used to extol the virtues of the actor's stock in trade. Press-agents, newspaper ads, billboards, magazines and electric signs all sing their pæans of praise. The actor's acting is the actor himself. All this praise takes on a personal tinge. No intimacy of his life is too sacred or obscure for publicity purposes—even the size of his shoes or the make of his underwear are subject to debates in the public press.

This public flattery of himself is easy to absorb and he absorbs it, for the simple reason that it is just as politic for him to feed the fires of his fame as for the manager who employs him. He misses few occasions of passing the good word along. He has even been known to hire halls and deliver lectures about it—in the name of some ostensible generality about the theatre.

So, in the sense that we have defined it, the actor answers the definition of conceit. BUT—and here's the kernel of the whole business—an actor's so-called conceit is a solid business asset. Strictly speaking, it is one of his chief virtues and adornments. No business man would discountenance a factor that contributes to his success; no moralist would disparage ethics of conduct which attain the object of human desire. And no actor can be condemned because he believes he is good. For the better he thinks he is, the better he is likely to be! (Note to Actors' Equity: Bouquets may be left at the stage door, but it is preferable, if convenient, to have them delivered across the footlights, after the second act of *No, No, Nanette*, addressed to Mr. Wellington Cross.)

WHY ARE THE NAMES OF PLAYS
CHANGED?

ANSWERED BY GLADYS UNGER,

Adapter of "The Love Habit," "Starlight," etc.

THE title of a play is like the cover of a magazine. It is designed to sell the contents. To this end it must be attractive and, in the case of a play, it must also arouse interest and curiosity and give some hint of what the play is about. Choosing a name is, therefore, no easy matter. Sometimes it tells too much—sometimes too little. Sometimes it is too erudite, too colloquial, too long, too subtle, too staid, too hackneyed—and most times it has already received the benediction of copyright through some former play or motion picture.

To get a tailor-made title that exactly fits a play is therefore a matter of much experimentation during which a Broadway show may appear in its try-out performances under any of a half-dozen cognomens. Take the case of *Stolen Fruit*. We started out with Dario Niccodemi's original title, *La Maestrina*, or *The Schoolmistress*. This was severely criticized, especially by theatre managers on the road, who insisted it was too prim, that it failed to "sell" the show.

Miss Ann Harding, the star of the piece, suggested *Seeking*, and for a time it played under that title. But this too was condemned for its ambiguity or indefiniteness, and we madly solicited titles from anyone who had an idea to offer. At length Mr. Wiswell, manager for Henry W. Savage, the producer, came in with *Stolen Fruit*. It was something of an inspiration, for it embodied four of the chief requisites of a title—brevity, suggestion, euphony and the implications of a familiar quotation. It did not fit the play perfectly—few titles do—but for its purpose as a "cover design" it was by far the best we could find.

Oftentimes names of plays are deceptive, giving the wrong idea of their content. A show opened out of town last Fall, called

The Five O'clock Man. This was a nice, gentle title that attracted many maiden aunts and romantic lassies to its performances. Unfortunately, they came away shocked and alarmed. Something was wrong with the cover design. When it opened in New York, however, it brazenly announced itself as *The Kiss in a Taxi*, and, while the title had no direct bearing on the plot, it served its purpose of drawing in the lovers of spicy and slightly *risqué* comedy.

Names of plays are changed not only because they don't fit the nature of the play but because—whether fitting it or not—they fail to draw patronage. An oddly effective change of this kind was made last season in a play called *So This Is Politics*. It was a nice little comedy that deserved more attention than it was getting, but the public had just passed through the squabbles and rancor of a political campaign and "politics" in any form was taboo. The producers hit upon a very clever title—*Strange Bedfellows*—which had the double virtue of fitting the play—though not in the exact form its auditors expected—and of eliminating entirely the political stigma. The change was made in the midst of the Broadway run and turned an apparent failure into a success.

Philip Barry's latest play started out as *The Happy Man*, a title which, by itself, was rather meaningless and, in relation to the play, was soon found to be too ironically subtle for the average intelligence. It was replaced by the more graceful but still somewhat artful *In a Garden* and is now playing under that name. *Just Beyond*, one of the season's recent productions, started its theatrical career under the appellation of *Drought*, but apparently arrived at the conclusion that a large percentage of the theatregoing public would have to consult a dictionary to know what it meant.

A play called *Weeds* became, after some alteration, *The Deacon*, now on Broadway. *Florida Girl* was first advertised as *Under Your Hat*—another slang title like *Is Zat So?* and *Laff That Off*, which sometimes register and sometimes do not—but succumbed to the romantic glamour of a real-estate boom which was at the moment engaging the imaginations of half the United States. An adaptation of Wedekind's *Erdgeist*, *The Gnome*, blossomed forth not long ago as *The Loves of Lulu*—a box-office title pure and simple. *Paid*, another recent arrival, was first christened *The Winner Loses*, but finally decided to be slightly reminiscent rather than trite.

What's in a name? In the theatrical business there is a great deal in it—success or failure—according to its fitness or unfitness. And the chief measure of fitness is brevity. It must be short, for it will be displayed in electric signs, and electric lights cost money.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—The first answers in this series "Why Are Box Office Attendants Cranky?"; "Why Are Stage Villains Matinee Idols?"; "Why Are There More Women Than Men on the Stage?"; "Why is the Bald-Headed Row Bald-Headed?"; "Why Are Plays Always Rewritten?"; "Why Are Crook Plays Popular?"; "Why Do Doctors Avoid Looking at the Audience?"; "Why Do Managers Seek 'Type' Actors?"; "Why Do People Buy Tickets From Speculators?"; "Why Are There So Few Black-Face Comedians?" appeared in THEATRE MAGAZINE for September, November and December, 1925.



CLAIRE MAHR

A newcomer who showed such remarkable talent when appearing with Stuart Walker's company last Summer, that she was chosen by the Three Arts Theatre to play the leading rôle in *Nica*, an Italian folk-play



White

CLAIBORNE FOSTER

Vivacious, youthful and altogether charming, this personable young actress as the "ugly duckling" in *The Patsy*, brings a delightful freshness and buoyancy to Richard Herndon's production



White

MARTHA-BRYAN ALLEN

Adds romance to René Fauchois' *The Monkey Talks* by her appealing performance of the little tight-rope dancer who wins a modern prince in disguise

YOUTH AND TALENT IN THE THEATRE

Leading women who have achieved success in the season's new plays

The Play That Is Talked About



Act I: *The Enemy*. Harmony in the Viennese home is rudely shattered by the news that England has declared war

The Enemy

Play in Four Acts by Channing Pollock

WITH the sensational success last season of "The Fool," Mr. Pollock stepped from the level of tailor-made melodramas into a more significant field. "The Enemy" is a strong exhortation against war, limned against a background of middle-class family life in the Austrian capital of Vienna. His characters move in conflict with an impersonal fate, but are none the less warm, flesh-and-blood creations. The reproduction that follows is published by permission of the author, the producer, Crosby Gaige, and Brentano's, publishers of the play in book form.

THE CAST

(As produced at the Times Square Theatre)

Carl Behrend	Walter Abel
Pauli Arndt	Fay Bainter
Baruska	Olive May
Bruce Gordon	Lyonel Watts
August Behrend	Charles Dalton
Jan	Harold Vermilye
Dr. Arndt	Russ Whytal
Mizzi Winckelman	Jane Seymour
Kurt	Donald Hughes
Fritz Winckelman	John Wray

THE first act opens in the living-room of Dr. Arndt's flat in Vienna. It is a cozy, comfortable room with old-fashioned furniture and the various classical relics that might be collected by a professor of philosophy to adorn his habitation. It is a day in June in the year 1914. A birthday party is in prospect, composed of Dr. Arndt; his daughter, Pauli; Carl Behrend, in honor of whose twenty-fourth birthday the company are assembling; Carl's father, August Behrend; Bruce Gordon, a young Englishman studying at the university and boarding with the Arndts; Fritz and Mizzi Winckelman, neighbors from across the street, and their small son, Kurt.

Carl and Pauli have grown up together. The former is a delicate, sensitive youth, rather in awe of his stern and prosperous father, who considers his scribbling of poems and plays a waste of otherwise productive energy. Carl is a little depressed. Another birthday only serves to remind him that his efforts are still unproductive and that the future of Pauli and himself is consequently as vague as ever.

Carl has just finished the draught of a new play and has sent it off to Bergman, the producer. He is talking about it as the curtain rises.

CARL: It came to me the other day because Kurt . . . across the hall . . . he is always asking for a drum. All my characters are just us . . . in different circumstances—nice little people, caught up in a great whirlwind of hate—puzzled—never knowing whence, or why, or whither—until they are dashed to pieces. . . . You get that?

PAULI: Yes! Nice little people. Why do you call them "The Enemy"?

CARL: I don't (*disappointed*). The enemy is hate—the real enemy! Don't I make that clear?

PAULI: Oh, yes—only—

CARL: Only—I don't! It's no good! I knew that an hour after I'd finished.

PAULI (*goes to him and puts her hand on his arm*): Carl, don't be silly.

CARL (*touches her hand affectionately*): I'm supersensitive because father makes such fun of my writing. I wish I'd thought of this ending before I sent the play to Bergman. If it comes back—Pauli, it hasn't come back?

PAULI: No.

CARL: Truly?

PAULI: Truly, no.

Pauli is nevertheless somewhat relieved by the interruption of Baruska, the cook, to inquire about the dinner.

PAULI: I was thinking—when the play's produced, everybody 'll say you're pro-English. Most of us don't think of the English as "nice people."

CARL: But that's the very point . . . to show they're exactly like us. There isn't any real difference between peoples. Fancy hating a country of Bruce Gordons!

PAULI: Oh . . . Bruce!

CARL: There must be a good many of him among forty millions. And of men like him among every forty millions. We believe such nonsense of other people, and they probably believe equal nonsense about us. Hate is a manufactured product, fatal to ourselves as well as to those we hate. . . . That's a commonplace, but so few of us see the commonplace, and it has to be repeated so often. . . . I wish I had a typewriter!

A few moments later the guests arrive: Mr. Behrend, exuding opulence and sententious opinions, with tickets for the theatre that evening; Mizzi Winckelman, Dr. Arndt, with a present in the form of his first philosophy lecture neatly bound and autographed, and finally Bruce Gordon, with—a typewriter! Carl's eyes are misty with gratitude. Between him and Bruce is a bond that goes deeper than mere friendship, for Bruce also loves Pauli, but has abdicated in favor of his friend. At length Professor Arndt speaks.

PROFESSOR: Pauli, what did you do with the package that came for Carl?

PAULI: I don't remember.

PROFESSOR (*points*): In the desk drawer.

PAULI (*distracted*): No. I'll get it later!

CARL (*suspicious*): Now! (*Starts for the desk*.)

PAULI: Carl . . . don't! (*He has the package.*) Not until you're alone!



Photo Pach Brothers

MOSS AND FONTANA—AT THE CLUB MIRADOR

Where their sensational dancing of the Tango Tragico gives a new zest to New York night life

Carl's play has been returned. Mr. Behrend, Senior, seems the only one present to derive much amusement from the situation. He is finally piloted from the room by Professor Arndt.

CARL: Father means I got my play back from Bergman!

MIZZI (*dumfounded*): *The Enemy*? But Bergman's accepted *The Enemy*.

CARL: What do you say, Mizzi?

MIZZI: Bergman told Fritz last night at supper! Fritz wrote the announcement for tomorrow's paper and got a dozen proof sheets to surprise you to-night, and— Good heavens, I've told!

A hasty exploration of the package proves the truth of Mizzi's statement. Dinner has been called and the others depart, leaving Carl and Pauli alone.

CARL: Pauli, I can write! I shall be a great author, and always your lover! (*Again he is about to take her in his arms and again they are interrupted. The phone rings. They look at it.*)

PAULI: I'm afraid.

CARL: Our troubles are over! (*Pauli starts for phone.*) Pauli, kiss me first. (*She is about to do so when the phone rings again.*)

PAULI (*apprehensively*): We must answer.

CARL: Of course, it's some trifle! (*Again forgets.*) We'll take a flat and get some furniture— (*Phone continues to ring.*)

PAULI: Carl!

CARL (*into phone*): Hello. . . . Yes, Fritz. . . . We're waiting. . . . WHAT! . . . When? . . . It doesn't seem possible! . . . How soon will you be here? . . . All right. . . . Good-bye.

PAULI (*alarmed*): What is it?

CARL: Fritz isn't coming. The Archduke has been killed in Sarajevo. (*Then, seeing the worry in her eyes*) Pauli! . . . What's that to us?

* * * * *

THE second act takes place on an afternoon in August, 1914.

Two months have worked a remarkable change in the little household of Dr. Arndt. Carl and Pauli have been married and the dining-room turned into a bedroom for the newly-weds. Their happiness is tempered, however, by the increasing hysteria of war. All day and all night the tramp of marching feet sounds from the square. Flags are flying, bands playing. Pauli is mending Carl's uniform—"just in case"—although it is not expected that the war will last more than a few months. Mizzi Winckelman has blossomed into a militant patriot.

MIZZI: You should read Fritz's paper. Every day he writes things that make you want to . . . "fight anybody." Many of them out of his own head, too.

PAULI: What's the news? . . . What about England?

PROFESSOR: They warn us to keep out of Belgium.

PAULI: And we—?

PROFESSOR: Have attacked Liege.

MIZZI: Good! . . . Where's that?

PROFESSOR: In Belgium.

MIZZI: When is Bruce going?

PAUL: Monday.

MIZZI: Funny he waited after graduation. PAULI: Bruce didn't know there was going to be war.

MIZZI (*dubiously*): Mmm! (*Pauli looks at her.*) Fritz says the country's overrun with spies. You know that Russian in the Kärntnerstrasse?

PAULI: The little jeweler?

MIZZI (*nods*): He never did any business, but he stayed. What does that indicate?

PAULI: Perseverance.

MIZZI: Yes (*triumphantly*)? Well, a crowd broke into his shop yesterday and unearthed hundreds of letters . . . in Russian! They wrecked the place! . . . I've often wondered

CARL: Goose! They don't telephone!

PAULI: No?

CARL: No! The call comes by mail . . . in a long blue envelope!

PAULI: Oh, well, anyway everything's all right now! Have you noticed the picture?

CARL: What picture?

PAULI: The picture that isn't there! Father sold it! He's lost his chair at the university, and he thinks I don't know! Poor baby. Now they'll send for him!

CARL: Doubtlessly.

PAULI: And they'll produce your play!

CARL: No. Bergman says it's a bad play.

PAULI: Because it deals with the insanity of war. It will be a good play again when we are sane again.

CARL: I've changed my own views.

PAULI: Like everyone else . . . because a band is playing. You mustn't. More than ever, you must remind people that the enemy is hate—the real enemy. (*Conscious of quoting him.*) Don't I make that clear?

CARL (*smiling*): Yes.

PAULI: All this fury about nothing! Why do you know, Mizzi had begun to hate Bruce!

CARL (*heartily*): How idiotic!

PAULI: And I had begun to hate Mizzi! (*They are seated at the table, Pauli with her back to the door, and Carl, above the table, facing the door, so that his eye is caught instantly by the blue official envelope that now comes slowly through the slot. As he rises, staring at the intruder, she rattles on.*) And Mizzi to hate me! And now we don't have to hate anyone! (*Conscious of his preoccupation.*) Do we?

CARL (*his tone and outlook changed by the summons*): Well, of course, if they—

PAULI: What's wrong?

CARL: Nothing.

PAULI: Then sit down . . . and look at me. (*He obeys and she takes his hand.*) Carl, darling, I couldn't tell you when I thought you were going away . . . but soon after we move into our new home. . . . You're not listening.

Carl rises. Pauli turns and sees

the summons. After a dreadful pause, the former crosses and takes it from the door.

PAULI: Well?

CARL: Yes.

PAULI: But . . . why? You said—

CARL: Everybody said: "There's no one left to fight!" (*The bell rings.*) It's a mistake! (*He opens the door, disclosing Fritz, wild-looking, distarught and a little drunk.*) You see . . . Fritz!

PAULI: What is it, Fritz?

FRITZ: We're at war with England!

CARL: Oh, that's it! . . . Damn them!

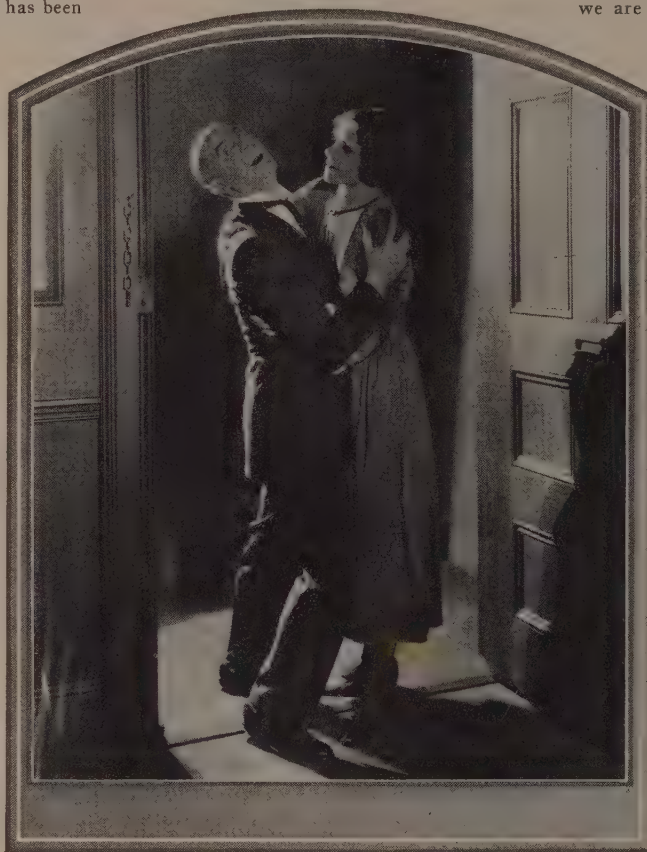
FRITZ: A blow in the dark! (*Sees paper in Carl's hand.*) What's that?

CARL: Our regiment! To-morrow! Didn't you—

FRITZ: I haven't been home. I wanted to show you— (*Gives him paper.*)

CARL (*reading*): "England declares war!" "British Army mobilizing!"

(Continued on page 54)



"THE ENEMY." ACT IV

The militant Viennese journalist (*John Wray*) returns after five years of war a mental and physical wreck. He becomes infuriated when he tells his wife (*Jane Seymour*) that his former employers no longer want his services

where Bruce got money for . . . typewriters. If you take my advice—

PAULI (*defiant at last*): I won't!

MIZZI: You'll tell him to go home.

PAULI: Never! Never!

MIZZI (*indicating small English flag draped over Bruce's picture*): This isn't a good time for English flags!

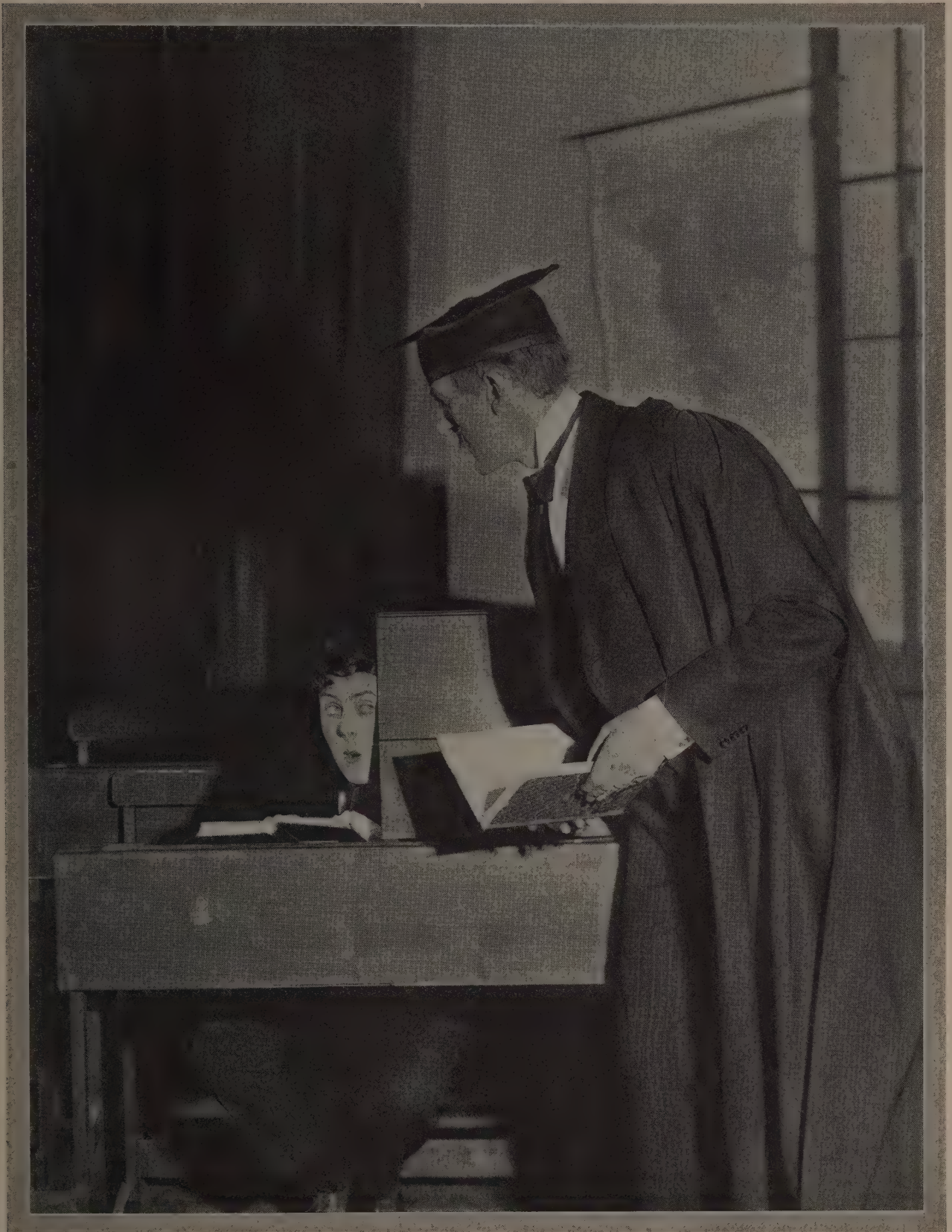
PAULI (*more amused than angry*): I put that there ages ago! We're not at war with England. And Bruce is our friend.

MIZZI: We've no friends but the Germans! If you're not loyal to your country, you might be to your husband!

PAULI: Mizzi!!

This unpleasant moment, the product of taut nerves, is soon forgotten by Pauli when Carl comes home to inform her that his regiment has not been called and probably will not be needed.

PAULI: You don't know what a coward I've been! Every time the telephone rang—



Lorence Vandamm Studio

CICELY COURTNEIDGE AND JACK HULBERT IN "BY THE WAY" AT THE GAIETY

These charming English artists, newcomers on Broadway, contribute to the gaiety of nations by their uproariously funny sketch "Greek as She Is Taught." Here Miss Courtneidge, a versatile and accomplished comédienne, is seen as the mischievous pupil, and Mr. Hulbert as the irate schoolmaster

The London Stage

Revival of "The Madras House"—A New Elizabeth—"Sweet Pepper" Dramatized

By ST. JOHN ERVINE

"Theatre Magazine's" Special Correspondent

London, Jan. 15, 1926.

I TRUST that the revival of *The Madras House* is a sign that Mr. Harley Granville-Barker has relented and will no longer absent himself from our felicity. Few men and fewer women can lay their hands upon their hearts and say, "We are missed!" Mr. Granville-Barker is among the few. One goes to the theatre these nights and sees botched productions everywhere. Gentlemen, who were intended by heaven to hawk vegetables, proudly proclaim themselves producers and have the impertinence to tell trained actors what to do. Go and see one of their mindless productions, and then go to the Ambassadors and have a look at *The Madras House* and observe what a master can do with small means on a small stage. The Ambassadors is about as big as a band-box, yet Mr. Granville-Barker amazingly got the entire Huxtable family on to the stage without any suggestion of overcrowding; and he did this, too, in such a way that the audience immediately realized that there were too many Huxtables. There was a moment when one of the frost-bitten spinsters entered the room and, opening the door, inevitably hit a sister with it. In that moment, one realized how innumerable and inescapable all those Huxtables were, although, in fact, there were no more than eight of them all told. Wherever a Huxtable went she collided with another Huxtable.

I DID not realize what a lot can happen in a short time until I saw this revival. Fifteen years have passed since the play was first performed, but they might have been fifteen centuries. I have no doubt that women are a problem, though I am sure that men are a problem, too, but somehow they do not seem quite the problem that they were in 1910. Are there any frozen spinsters now? Would six able-bodied women consent to live at home, being lady-like and null? One of the Misses Huxtable kept a frog, and the frog went and died on her. Tragedy! Surely to-day that Miss Huxtable would be dissecting her frog. If there is still a problem to be solved, it is a different one from the problem which so confounded Mr. Granville-Barker in 1910. All this means, of course, that *The Madras House* is a period piece. I can imagine the interest and scornful amusement it will excite this day fifty years. "Were women like that, then?" "Yes, my dear, some of them were!" "What funny clothes they wore! What funny minds they had!" "No funnier than ours, my dear!" The upshot of it all seems to be that there is no upshot. We run round and round until we stop running round . . . and then someone else runs round.

The play was superbly produced, although the pace was slower than it need

have been, and one or two of the players spoke their speeches too casually. Let our acting be natural by all means, but let it also be audible and forceful. Two performances were particularly good, Miss Doris Lytton's and Mr. Stafford Hilliard's. Miss Lytton was alive from start to finish. There was no dead stuff in her performance. She left us with the impression that of all his people, Miss Yates was the only one Mr. Granville-Barker really liked.



FAY COMPTON

One of London's best-liked leading women, who is coming to America next season, probably to be seen in a revival of *The Man with a Load of Mischief*

Mr. Hilliard might have walked out of a living-in establishment: so respectful, so averse from making a fuss or asserting himself, so reluctant to do anything that would not be quite the thing. Miss Irene Rooke, Miss Mary Barton, Miss Agnes Thomas, Mr. Claude Rains, Mr. Allan Jeayes, Mr. Aubrey Mather, Mr. Ernest Milton—all were good. I thought that Mr. Hannen was less happy as Philip Madras than he would have been as Constantine. Mr. Hannen has vitality and joyfulness and a sense of life and fun, but Philip is morally and mentally moribund. In spite of his inability to subdue his nature to Philip's glib ineffectuality, Mr. Hannen was admirable. Miss Cathleen Nesbitt played the part of Jessica just as it ought to be played, with a slightly contemptuous air of disin-

terest in everything. May we not dare to hope that Mr. Granville-Barker, having returned to us for this occasion only, will consent to remain with us? The Huxtables are perishing, the Madrases are petering out. There is a new and jollier world to be conquered. Let him stay and conquer it.

MISS GWEN JOHN, whose play, *Gloriana*, under the name of *The Prince*, has been published by the British Drama League, has allowed her sense of pictures to supersede her sense of drama. Each of the scenes is good, and the language is well chosen, but neither the scenes nor the words move. There must be action in a play, whatever its sort may be. Inactive thought and inactive words drive drama off the stage. In the eight scenes which make up her play at the Little Theatre, Miss John has attempted to portray the life of Queen Elizabeth, but a life is something more than a series of snapshots: it is a moving picture. She was not greatly assisted by Miss Nancy Price, who seemed to me to be gravely miscast. In the first and third scenes, where we expected to see a young and buoyant woman, we saw a harassed old woman. Miss Price was intermittently shrewish and mawkish, and her voice was unvaried in its fretfulness. England's Elizabeth may have been stingy at times, as Drake here tells her to her face, but she was a royal and imperial woman who welded this nation and made it into an empire. I cannot hear her maundering about "cheeldren" almost in the accent of a forsaken heroine in an Elephant-and-Castle melodrama. There were good performances by Mr. Ben Webster, Mr. Abraham Sofaer and Mr. John Gielgud, the last-named of whom should not tell the queen that she is "hahd of haht." Mr. Gielgud is an accomplished young actor with a good voice: he must not misuse it. The production was pictorially charming, but dramatically oppressive, with a great deal of rather thin culture in it. Chronicle plays require supremely good acting, especially in the central and unifying characters. Miss John's play unfortunately did not receive it.

MR. GEOFFREY MOSS told an interesting and even poignant story in the novel from which he has adapted his play, *Sweet Pepper*, seen at the Everyman Theatre, but the skill he displayed as a novelist deserted him when he turned dramatist. The writing of novels is nowadays a sort of spare-time job, but the writing of plays demands some ability and technical knowledge. Some of our apprentice authors seem to imagine that having successfully composed a story in the easiest of all forms, they can then turn to and make a play out of it without first of all bothering to master a difficult technique.

Jean-Jacques Bernard, son of Tristan Bernard, is a writer of French comedies of rare delight. An analyst of the soul, his *Martine*, forerunner of *The Theatre of Silence*, will be produced by the Neighborhood Playhouse



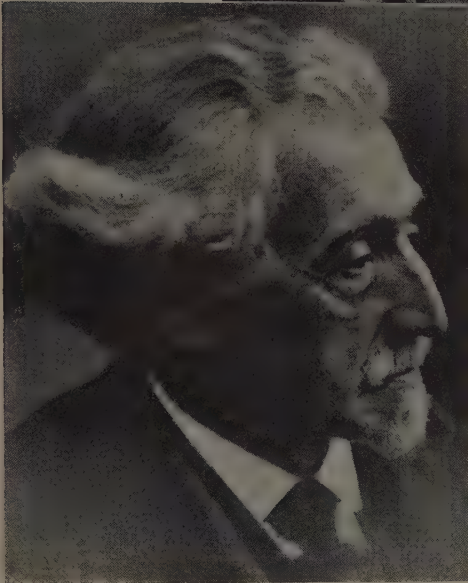
Pierre Wolff, son of Albert, late renowned critic of *Le Figaro*, is one of the leading dramatists of France. Henry Miller, twice in the past year, has experimented with Wolff's latest success, *Après l'Amour*, in an adaptation by Augustus Thomas

(Below)

John Van Druten, youthful teacher at the Aberystwyth University in Wales, is the author of *Young Woodley*, which, despite the fact that the Lord Chamberlain of England prohibited its presentation anywhere on the British Isles, is one of the finest plays now on Broadway

Manuel

Manuel



After viewing *The Dybbuk* by the Russian, S. Rappaport, known all over the world under the nom de plume of *Ansky*, one feels that more such Yiddish plays ought to be presented on the English-speaking stage



Sem Benelli's fame has spread throughout two continents as the author of *The Jest*, in which the Barrymore brothers starred a few seasons ago and which was presented as the opera *La Cena Della Beffe* at the Metropolitan



Jules Romain's brilliant satire of the medical profession, *Knock*, has been presented in nearly every country of the world. American physicians will have the opportunity to see it when International Playhouse produces the play here



René Fauchois, after building plays around the lives of Mozart and Beethoven, has unfolded in *The Monkey Talks* the tale of Faho, a forlorn circus performer



Louis Verneuil writes about half-a-dozen plays every season, and all of them are produced in Paris. Sometimes his plays reach the New York stage. During the current season we have seen two, *Oh, Mam!* and *Cousin Sonia*

PERSONALITIES OF THE THEATRE INTERNATIONAL

Authors from distant lands who offer wit and sentiment for our delectation

(Continental Features)

Will the New Scenery Destroy the Actor?

New York's Art Theatres Stage an Exposition of Constructed Settings

By GILBERT SELDES

WHEN the Associated Press begins to pay attention to the arts, the artists had better begin paying attention to the Associated Press. The new year brought from Rome a dispatch by the A. P. over which the New York *World* put the headline:

ALL ACTORS TO BE WITHOUT JOBS
IF FUTURIST'S FORECAST IS RIGHT

THE story dealt with Enrico Prampolini, the Italian futurist, who has been experimenting with mechanical marionettes, and, according to his statement, will eventually create a theatre presenting "abstract forces in play," and in which lights, color, plastic shapes and other material elements will take the place of the poor human flesh to which dramatists now confide their plays.

That will, of course, be only the last step in the dwarfing of the actor, a process which has gone on for some time; to a notable example thereof, and especially to the production of a play presumably worthless in order to show production and settings at their loftiest, Mr. Woolcott gave the name of "the new sin in the theatre." As if to show how the process has developed, four of the art theatres of New York, the Theatre Guild, the Provincetown, the Greenwich Village and the Neighborhood, combined to bring to this country an exhibition of nearly everything that has been going on in the theatre during the years of this century. By the time this magazine appears the exposition will be current, or about to open its doors, at 66 Fifth Avenue. The actor-hating Prampolini will be among those represented.

A NATURAL reaction is to say that it's all a new fad and doesn't matter. But no one who has observed the European and American theatres in the past ten years can call by the name of fad a slow and growing change in the theatre. It is much more reasonable to say that even if the futurist is right, it doesn't matter. The theatre is a place in which entertainment may be had; in which illusion may be created. If a producer can give us the qualities we want by means of light and color and perfume, why should we insist upon his having actors too? If marionettes and a few megaphones can do the work, let them! And let the actors see to it that they grow and make themselves indispensable.

But before we get to the extreme case it is interesting to note what the experimentalists have done in the theatre. Jean Cocteau's adaptation of *Romeo and Juliet*, played at La Cigale a few seasons ago, was

always interesting; there was a great deal of formal dancing and of formal gesture to take the place of the original rhetoric. But the startling thing was the scenery, which was carried on and off the stage in full view of the audience, usually by masked stage-hands. (Incidentally this "novelty" seems to have been practised in the Italian theatre of the sixteenth century.) This scenery was all unreal, and at one point Romeo walked over to a flat piece of canvas on which a room and a cat were painted and stroked the cat. The audience snickered.



Prampolini's design for a ballet costume

And at the other extreme is the work of the Russians and some of the Germans, the work which we confusingly know as constructivism. This is the novelty of the season and will be largely represented at the New York exposition. What is this new thing in the theatre? According to Huntly Carter, who studied it under Meierhold, it is "building as an engineer builds, according to conscious mathematical principles. . . . It can also be creative. . . . Iron, glass, concrete, triangles, circles, squares, cylinders are put together according to their constructive meaning . . . with the logic demanded by the substance of the materials. . . ." Constructivism is really the triumph of the American machine in the European theatre. It has the severity, the wastelessness of the machine; it has the machine's perfect adaptation to its function. No longer are sets built to represent anything; they actually *present*. All the materials of machinery are used in place of the old canvas or papier-mâché. The settings are crowded with ladders and steps and platforms and levels. And the actor is swung away from his single floor level, as we know him now, and acts all over the setting. In *The Man Who Was Thursday* (produced by the Kamerny Theatre in

Russia) the elaboration of the setting was enormous, and was in keeping with the fantastic nature of the dream play. Because, severe as constructivism may be, it is a follower of expressionism, and those odd shapes and lights we first recognized in *The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari* reappear and have their due effect. In plays like R. U. R. Kaiser's *Gas*, Toller's *Machine Wreckers*, the machinery as stage setting comes naturally. But it works apparently as well elsewhere. In Crommelinck's *Magnificent Cuckold*, the prison scene, instead of being the sort of jail scene we all

know on the stage, consisted of three structures, one an oblong, another a vast circle, like a mill-wheel, the third a square. The actors in theatres using machine settings tend to use mechanical gestures and do mechanical dances. And reports from Russia indicate that often the result is highly satisfying. Certainly the finest musical comedy I ever saw, as far as production is concerned, was that of *Giroflé-Girofla*, done by the Kamerny in Paris two years ago or so, with new and extraordinarily adaptable scenery.

The fact that scenery is now being *used*, and not merely being set on a stage, is really a decisive difference. We saw in the Russian production of *Lysistrata* a sort of temple; before our eyes the women of Athens pushed it around until it became a perfectly tolerable wall. It served other purposes as well, and the only objection made to it was when a small portion of it had to act as the grotto of Pan. In *Giroflé-Girofla* a door in a room was swung down, a pilot wheel jammed against it, and a ship was created before the spectators' rather amazed eyes. But—and this ought to be reassuring—in neither case did anyone forget the actors. (In the latter case one forgot the libretto a little, but that didn't matter.)

THE production of *Arabesque*, made by Norman-Bel Geddes, failed to attract patronage; it had beauty of settings and of movement; it used its settings for all they were worth, utilizing every capacity of the material, so that an interior swiftly changed to an exterior, a roof to a mountain-top. Even here I was aware enough of the actors; only the drift of the play seemed to me a little obscure. That is probably not altogether the fault of the director nor the fault of his settings. But if the actors and the playwrights want to form a protective alliance against the new settings, this is the time to do it.

The International Theatre Exposition
(Continued on page 64)



A stylized constructed setting by L. Medgyes for a revival of *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*. Left and right, costume designs by Alfred Roller of Vienna



A fully "constructivist" setting by Wjaloŭ, a Czech. Constructions like these have been given the name of "hook-and-ladder school" of stage design. (Below) W. and G. Sternberg's setting for *St. Joan* as produced by Tairoff



Huszar's Mechanical Marionette Theatre, showing complete indifference to representing anything recognizably human. The arrangement of white and color (black in the reproduction) and the movements of the figures take the place of acting, words and plot

THE STAGE SETS OF THE FUTURE

An International Exposition of the Modern Theatre Opens in New York This Month

M . U . S . I . C

With Carmencita and the Soldier the Moscow Art Theatre Musical Studio Brings a New Note Into Opera

By GRENVILLE VERNON

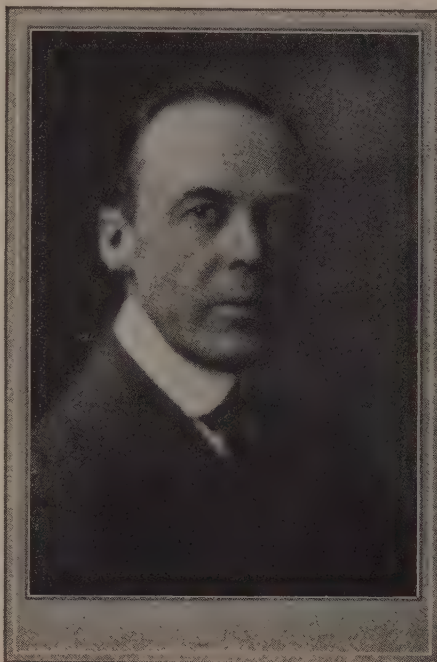
IT was a pity that the Moscow Art Theatre Musical Studio should not have opened its season of opera with *Carmencita and the Soldier* rather than with Offenbach's *La Perichole*. If it had, the Moscow Players would have swept the town as completely as the dramatic company from the same theatre swept it two years ago.

There are those who did not like *Carmencita and the Soldier*, and if they had gone thinking to find an improvement upon *Carmen* they were quite right. Bizet's *Carmen* is one of the few perfect operatic masterpieces. In it there is not a note too few nor a note too many, and every note is just where it ought to be. When for *Carmencita and the Soldier* Vladimir Bakalynnikoff set out to rearrange and add to the music of the original score he set about in a musical sense a hopeless task. Musically the Moscow Players' version of Merimee's novel is in every way a weakening of the Bizet version. It simply meant that despairing of finding any Russian composer able to set to music Constantin Lipskeroff's libretto, founded on the Merimee story, the Moscow Players turned back to the pages of poor old Georges Bizet and slew them to make a Slavic holiday. But what a holiday!

CARMENCITA and the Soldier must then be judged not as a modification of Bizet's opera but as an entirely separate work, a work which sets out to do none of those things which Bizet so superbly accomplished. It must be judged as a drama, almost as a symbolic drama, in which love, fate and death hold sombre carnival. It gives us the spirit of Merimee, implacable in its realism, hard, ironic, but it also gives us something else. And it is this something else which made the work significant and pregnant with a new and yet a universal meaning. What was this something else? It was our old and usually dramatically ridiculous friend—the chorus.

The action of *Carmencita and the Soldier* all takes place at the base of a wooden scaffolding which resembles slightly the under side of the bull-ring. Thus at the outset the stage is saturated with the atmosphere of blood and lust. Throughout the action the change of scene is indicated only by the use of lights; the scaffolding is always there, and on its various tiers the chorus plays its part. The chorus—each member of it might have come fresh from the brush of Goya himself! The men sombre and black cloaked, the women sombre also with their black hair, dark mantillas and waving fans. On the lower portion of the stage the action proper occurred, action starkly realistic as the characters of Merimee should produce, but always above them the chorus, sometimes only a few figures and then when the passion deepened in full strength, and always

commenting either by its mere presence or in song and action on what was passing below. Sometimes the chorus, as in the Greek drama, took the place of the ideal spectator, at other times it expressed what was passing either actively or subconsciously in the minds of the characters, and as the tragic end grew nearer the fluttering of the fans above grew ever more insistent, until the tense nerves of the audience could almost see the flash of the final knife which was to



JOHN ALDEN CARPENTER

The distinguished Chicago composer whose jazz ballet, *Skyscrapers*, will be one of the interesting novelties of the season at the Metropolitan Opera House

end it all. And to one at least came with stupendous force the lines of Byron: "And fans turn into falchions in fair hands."

It was this mingling of the realistic with the symbolic, or rather this heightening of outer personal action by contrast with the will and ideals of humanity in the broader sense, which made *Carmencita and the Soldier* a production such as had never before been seen on the New York stage. Of course this is done in another way in the Greek drama, but in an impersonal way which renders it alien to the modern mind. *Carmencita and the Soldier* is at once intensely modern and splendidly universal, and after seeing it one was strongly urged to ask whether its method may not very well be the method of the drama of the future. The theatre of to-day, meticulous as to detail, has yet something in it strangely petty, something which, while true in itself, is yet false to the universality of art. There was nothing petty in *Carmencita and the Soldier*. In its creation both

the libretto of Mr. Lipskeroff and the stage direction of Mr. Nemirovitch-Danchenko showed both a splendid daring and a rare originality. In it the Russians have again struck twelve.

THE acting of the principals was worthy of the work itself. The *Carmencita* of Mme. Baklanova was Merimee's gypsy come to life, sombre, passionate, tragic. It would be useless to compare it to the *Carmen* of Calvé or even of Bressler-Gianoli. It was something utterly different, never coquettish, never wheedling, but going to its end with an inevitable power against which there could be no resistance. So superb was its imaginative quality that one never realized that its possessor's voice was of no great natural beauty. The Don José of Ivan Velikanoff was also true to Merimee. He was a heavy, almost torpid peasant, slow moving, shuffling in gait, almost inarticulate. Here was none of the romance of the operatic tenor, but something far better than romance—truth. Moreover, Mr. Velikanoff alone of the members of the company has a voice, and he sang with fine feeling and expression. The minor characters, and this extends to the individual members of the chorus, were in their ways as admirable as the principals. Each was sharply etched, and each did his or her part with all the enthusiasm of a star. And what masters of make-up these Russians are! Nothing is skimmed, sketched or left to chance, yet the final effect is none the less spontaneous. A whole volume might be written on their artistic fidelity. Because their part may be small, not one of them shrugs his shoulders and mumbles that it is unimportant.

How utterly trivial seemed the month's one novelty at the Metropolitan in comparison with the offering of the Russians! The power of Sem Benelli's *La Cena della Beffe* was long ago known when the Barrymores produced it under the name of *The Jest*, and in its operatic guise that power was still evident. But what a pitiful musical setting Giordano has given it! In it there is not a moment of spontaneous music; all is made to order. Why Benelli should not have chosen Montemezzi to set it to music, rather than the pedestrian Giordano, passes understanding. *L'Amore dei Tre Re* is one of the masterpieces of the modern operatic stage. The original drama was also by Benelli, and in it Montemezzi displayed a talent which in the second act reached to the height of genius. Yet Benelli abandoned the true artist for the mere *rou-tinière*! The Metropolitan gave it a setting which, however, could not be surpassed, a setting in which Urban outdid himself, and Signor Ruffo gave a memorable portrait of the brutal Neri. It was a pity that Signor Gigli should be called upon to sing such voice-destroying music as falls to the lot of the young Medici.



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FLORENCE EASTON

Whose charm and skill are two of the reasons for the success of *Così Fan Tutti*



IVAN VELIKANOFF

Prosper Merimée's true peasant soldier was instinct in this Russian artist's impersonation of Don José



© Mishkin

KATHLEEN HOWARD

As Mistress Quickly in *Falstaff*, this artist adds another to her long list of triumphs



© Mishkin

MARGARETE MATZENHAUER

Whose Kundry in *Parsifal* always satisfies the great host of Wagnerians



© Mishkin

BENIAMINO GIGLI

Who showed as the neurotic scion of the Medici in Giordano's *La Cena de la Befe* that he can act as well as sing



© Mishkin

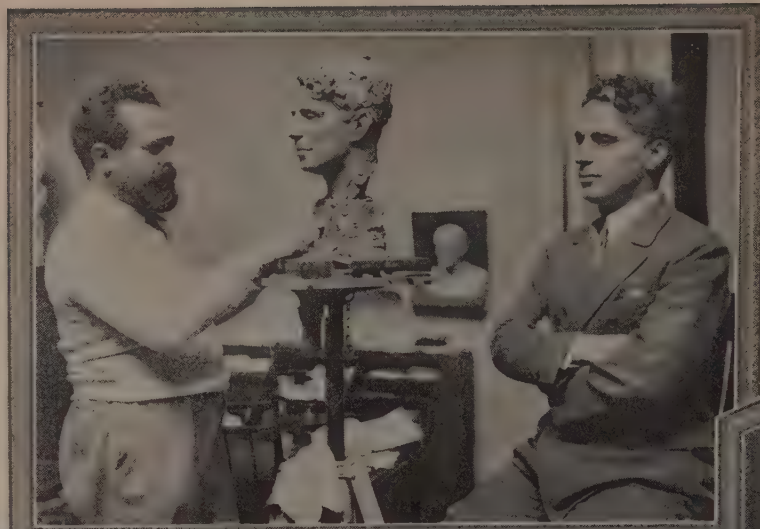
JEANNE GORDON

Unlike many operatic Dalilas, her beauty amply justifies the seduction of her Samson

"MUSIC HATH CHARMS—"

Six singers who have contributed to the success of the current opera season

When the new Roxy Theatre on Fiftieth Street and Seventh Avenue is completed next Fall, this stupendous Italian Renaissance interior will seat more than 6,000 people, thereby making it the largest motion-picture theatre in the world, a monument to the idealism of S. L. Rothafel, who will have absolute control of the management

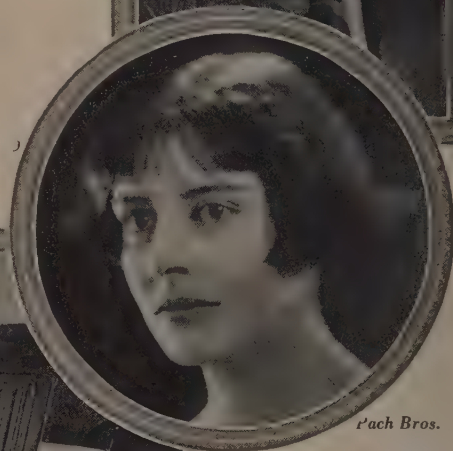


John Colton, co-dramatist with Clemens Randolph of *Rain*, has a pretty talent for creating ladies with cloudy pasts and silver-lined hearts, which he turns to good melodramatic use in his latest play, *The Shanghai Gesture*



Walter

Minus his pathetic little mustache and perky derby, Charlie Chaplin sits for the wizard sculptor, Jo Davidson, who, having his own masterly conception of the classic clown, translates it into a portrait bust



L'ach Bros.

While jazzy saxophonists and sentimental fiddlers all over the country are busy with the melodies of his latest musical comedy, *The Cocoanuts*, Irving Berlin, Broadway's favorite minstrel, reminisces a little by going over the tunes of *Watch Your Step*, one of the many of his past revue successes



Underwood & Underwood

Polly Damrosch showed that she inherited the family musicianship when she appeared at the piano with her father, Walter Damrosch, at a recent concert of the New York Symphony Orchestra

THE PASSING SHOW

Pictorial news of the stage, screen and concert worlds

R . A . D . I . O

DX Fishing. Metropolitan Programs. A First National Experiment

By CHARLOTTE GEER

WHY do you DX, or don't you? This query is, of course, addressed to real dyed-in-the-wool, name-in-the-selvaige Radio hounds. Repeated articles published in Radio supplements and papers during the past year have stated that interest in distant stations is on the wane. The whole tendency to-day, they say, is toward improved local reception. And it is undoubtedly true that if WJZ keeps on with its superpower and WEAf increases its network of stations, DXing will go into the discard along with a lot of other things loved, but alas irrevocably lost to America.

We have been tabulating the letters received from Radio fans in an effort to discover whether the DXers are dying out. Considerably more than two-thirds of the letters come from Radio fishermen. This means something but not too much. Fishermen, aerial as well as aquatic, fish that they may boast. What's the use of getting California unless you can tell someone about it? A DX log of large proportions is much more apt to drive a man to pen and ink than a faultless reception of a local program. Therefore we say that, while the preponderance of DX letters means something, it doesn't mean everything.

There is also a prevalent idea that DX fishing is a sort of chewing-gum of the brain. A modern form of solitaire where you cheat yourself into a good time. This, we think, we can safely disclaim. Our fishermen correspondents are mostly men of very obvious intelligence.

We ourselves are incurably addicted to the sport of disentangling the far-off voices of the West and bringing them, husky captives, to our loud speaker. And we have lately been asking ourselves very seriously why we do it. The answer is "for fun." But why is it fun? Perhaps because of the uncertainty that always attends aerial angling. There are nights when Cuba comes in with the ease and clarity of Newark, and there are other nights when you cannot land Chicago. Sometimes you will be trying with all modesty to hook a minnow like New Orleans, and you will find on examining your catch that you have really landed Denver, which is only three meters away on the air. There must be something of the explorer in a true DXer. Prevented by various reasons from journeying in person, you do your traveling in spirit via Radio. As with other explorers, a spirit of conquest tinges the picture, and we are free to admit that if it were not for the recurring hope of logging a new station, we should not waste very many golden hours of sleep on the elusive dials.

AS to the programs from distant stations, they are of course inferior in every way to the output of our metropolitan studios. In fact, the reception, if the station be a really distant one, is too faulty to admit of any pleasure in listening to it. It is far

easier to sit quietly in the shadows and hear Spalding or Ludlow play from WEAf or WJZ than it is to twist the dials with breathless precision, dividing segments into twentieths, while straining your ears for the call of KTHS of Hot Springs, Arkansas, with WEBH of Chicago hetrodyning and WGY of Schenectady booming in your ears. But who ever traveled without dis-



Foto Topics

"LOPEZ SPEAKING"

Sir Vincent, famous Knight of Jazz, whose orchestra is one of the most popular features of WEAf broadcasts

comfort, what explorer sought that which is already known and what hunter other than a perversely shot hens in his own back yard?

The programs of the metropolitan stations, to leave the highways and come back home, are becoming so diverse in their entertainment that a Radio critic should by rights be an actor, a musician, a literary man and a scientist all in one properly to review them. We are amazed as we read over the advance sheets from the stations to see the lengths to which the studios are going in order to entertain us. Spurred on by Atwater Kent, the programs are increasing in beauty and in value, and the day seems near at hand when artists will seek the aid of Radio instead of Radio imploring their services. This is the prophecy of David Sarnoff of the Radio Corporation, than which there is no more astute Radio man in the field.

It is no longer a matter for amazement to hear the greatest musicians of the world on our receiving set, and the broadcast of their voices is so exceedingly good that only the most captious would quarrel with the effect. We happened to hear Tita Ruffo in opera almost simultaneously with his broadcast in the Victor Hour over WJZ, and although his voice lost something of its

roundness and resonance in transmission, it was still unmistakably the glorious voice of Ruffo.

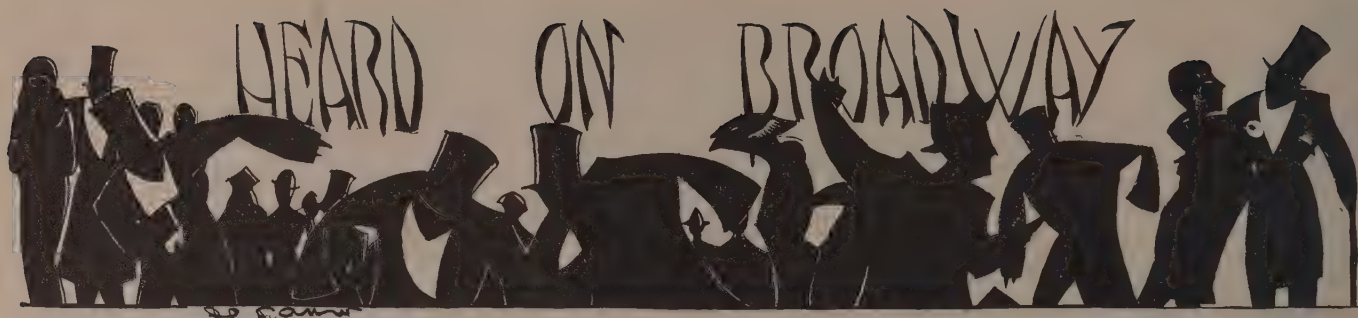
They tell us that John McCormack was intensely nervous during his second broadcast for Radio, remembering perhaps all the things he had said against broadcasting and of his unwillingness to repeat his first attempt. But although we have heard him in concert many a time, we have never heard him sing more beautifully or more appealingly than he did through our tall black horn.

There is another very charming feature of this broadcasting by the great ones. In almost every program, heavily classical though it be, they stoop to give their unseen audience some popular little song. Alda, for example, remembering that we are not all music students and that many of us long for a simple tune sung by a great artist, sang "Daddy." Moreover, she sang it with as much grace and delicacy as if it was a deathless aria from one of her immortal rôles. Truly, she stooped but to conquer, and the conquest was complete in a million homes scattered over the continent.

First National pictures have been trying an experiment, also over WJZ, and have produced several of their new photoplays in the form of a drama with soft music and shaded lights, the latter implied if not actual. We were delighted to learn that even by ear the movies keep their gorgeous gowns and bedizened palaces, miscalled homes. The producer of the "Speakies" borrowed a leaf from the Chinese playwrights and had a property-man paint the picture for us before the actors made their entrance. It was exceedingly well done, and we, for one, were vastly entertained.

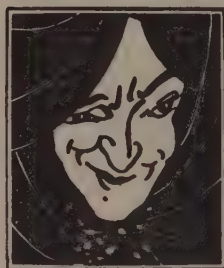
WE happened in on WJZ one afternoon and found Elizabeth Marbury waiting for her first encounter with Mike. We persuaded her to let us accompany her into the studio and listen to the broadcast. This is a great favor, as most broadcasters are so nervous that they permit no one to watch their agonies. Miss Marbury, however, was entirely her genial self and, seated at the little table in WJZ's gaily draped studio, she grasped Mike by the throat and proceeded to deliver her advice to embryo playwrights with a delicious friendliness and emphasis. We remember when Lucrezia Bori broadcast for the first time on New Year's Day a year ago. When she walked into the studio she looked as happy as if she were entering the death chamber. So temperament makes trouble for us all. We would give a good deal to have Miss Marbury's.

Leonard Merrick spoke over the air the other day and warmly thanked America for reading his books. "My own countrymen do not," he added with appealing frankness. He and Cosmo Hamilton are ideal broadcasters.



By L'Homme Qui Sait

CONSIDERABLE alarm has spread through the ranks of our leading dramatists over the invasion of the theatre by motion-picture magnates. According to ARTHUR RICHMAN, GEORGE MIDDLETON, OWEN DAVIS *et al.*, WILLIAM FOX is a splendid fellow as long as he remains on the outside looking in for a chance to acquire film rights of successful plays at market prices, but for Mr. Fox to enter into a deal with a Broadway producer whereby the film company puts up the cost of producing the play and, as a reward, obtains the screen rights for a sum agreed on in advance—well, in *that rôle* Mr. Fox ceases to be quite the Santa Claus he should be.



SENSITIVE souls, these playwrights. They shudder at the thought of seeing the film rights of a hit go for a paltry ten or twenty-five thousand in a sewed-up transaction, when a hundred thousand or better is often obtainable as the result of competitive bidding. To allay their fears, A. H. WOODS has come out in print in a mood of sweet reasonableness, pointing out to these gentlemen that it is to the producer's interest to insure a favorable sale of the film rights, since half of the money thus received goes to the manager and half to the author. Indeed, Mr. Woods—perhaps with the assistance of his Silver-Toned Speaking Trumpet, known in literary circles as MR. HOFFENSTEIN—has made a most touching plea to the effect that authors and managers are in the same boat. If so, the happy boating party has been broken up by the approach of the motion-picture yacht.

WHAT will be the final outcome of the controversy we can only guess. Meanwhile the embattled dramatists are busy recruiting all persons who have ever had a play produced; so that their army now presents a Solid Front. And after many secret practice sessions, they have drawn up a contract which they believe to be thoroughly iron-clad, water-tight and jokerless. In this ideal agreement (ideal in the sense that they are prepared to fight for it) the division of spoils between producer and manager is as before, but the heinous hypothecation of movie rights in return for movie gold is forever done away with. At least that is the intention. Without having actually read this contract, we gather that its effect on the standing of motion-picture moguls in the legitimate theatre may be compared to that of a carefully placed banana peel; and hence we shall be interested to see how it works. In short, it would seem that, while the playwrights love, honor and hooray for the silver screen and the emoluments to be derived therefrom, they do not consider that this is the right time for purveyors of the silent drama to go in for Modest Figures.

WHATEVER befalls, it is hardly likely that all these authors—to the number of more than one hundred—will abandon play-writing to the talented shoe clerk and the aspiring elevator man. Certainly not such a dramatist as the indefatigable OWEN DAVIS. Mr. Davis could no more stop creating plays than he could desist from breathing. If all the plays he has written were laid end to end they would reach from SAM SHIPMAN to ST. PINDBERG. Now, possessed of an ample fortune and a Pulitzer Prize, he is still addicted to fourteen-hour sessions at the typewriter; and whenever a new show of his opens on Broadway, he goes to see it every night for weeks, to check up on how the lines are getting over. Summer before last Mr. Davis was inveigled into taking a motor trip through France. He enjoyed the ride and the sights, but in the evenings he was like a lost soul. At last—about the fifth day—he couldn't stand the strain any longer; he made his apologies and dashed back to London in time to see part of a show that very night.

BLANCHE RING, who quite some seasons ago gave up playing Shakespeare to appear in musical comedy in modern dress, is now returning to the tuneless drama. She is due to be seen almost any day now in a play called *Heart's Desire*, by a brand-new author.

WHEN MARY ELLIS made a similar transfer of her talents there was much surprise. Here was a young prima donna who, given a great opportunity in *Rose-Marie*, had suddenly become an outstanding popular favorite. Possessed of an exceptional voice and a dynamic stage personality, she seemed destined to be the reigning queen of operetta. Then, quite as suddenly, Miss Ellis withdrew from the cast of *Rose-Marie*, after singing in it for nearly a year. "To rest her voice" was the explanation given. At the present time she is playing in *The Dybbuk* at the little Neighborhood Playhouse, where salaries are far from enormous. Caprice? The public has wondered. But now

we learn that a prominent throat specialist has pronounced her voice to have been overtaxed. He offers slight hope that she will ever be able to sing again.

QUITE different is the reason why still another star has forsaken the musical-comedy stage. This lady, who last year seemed well content with winning applause as a caroling ingénue, now toils not, neither does she sing. Tempting managerial offers submitted to her by her agent are turned down with an airy, "No, thank you." Is the fair one ill or taken with the tender ailment called Love? Not at all! She has recently made a handsome clean-up in the Stock Market and doesn't feel like toiling for the nonce. If at some later date she again honors us with her stage presence, let us hope that her reappearance will not be due to the disappearance of her Lucky Strike. As to her plans for the future. . . Well, those who will may speculate.

THEATRICAL managers may be divided into two classes: those who produce incessantly, with tireless zeal, such as A. H. WOODS and the SHUBERTS—pardon me, I mean The Messrs. Shubert—and those who can take a show or leave it alone. Among the latter are RAY COMSTOCK and CHARLES HOPKINS. After a season or two of total abstinence from producing, Mr. Comstock has associated himself with WILLIAM A. BRADY in the forthcoming musicalized version of *Little Miss Brown*, which will probably be entitled *Kitty's Kisses*.

AND Mr. Hopkins, who hadn't had a show since Brother VOLSTEAD wrote his famous Act, has suddenly come back to Broadway with more or less of a bang. Said bang being *The Makropoulos Secret*. And he plans to follow it up with a play by ELMER RICE, the Adding Machinist. Anyone as yet unaware of the grand resurgence on West Forty-ninth Street has but to visit the erstwhile Punch and Judy Theatre, now proudly calling itself the Charles Hopkins. Gone are the somber wooden seat-rows, replaced by blithe blue plush. Indeed, so marked is the change that a patron who knew this playhouse in the grave days of 1925 might well exclaim, "Where are the pews of yesteryear?"

AS a matter of fact a number of New Yorkers, theatre-folk especially, witnessed *The Makropoulos Secret* some time before it opened on Forty-ninth Street. The actual *première* took place just outside the city limits, at Beechhurst, Long Island, in a curious wooden structure known as PERCIVAL VIVIAN'S Studio Playhouse, where many an untried manuscript is tested out in action. Scattered through the audience on such occasions are scouts from Broadway. Since the cost of putting on a play in one of Times Square's theatres has risen so alarmingly, the Studio Playhouse, with its happy-go-lucky makeshifts, is fulfilling a useful function.

BUT when Messrs. Hopkins and Vivian undertook to do the Capek drama with the highly professional cast destined for Broadway, all was not quite so jolly. In fact, it was like trying to cook a seven-course banquet on a one-burner gas stove. But the entertainment was served up nevertheless.

(Continued on page 52)

THE AMATEUR STAGE

Edited By M. E. KEHOE

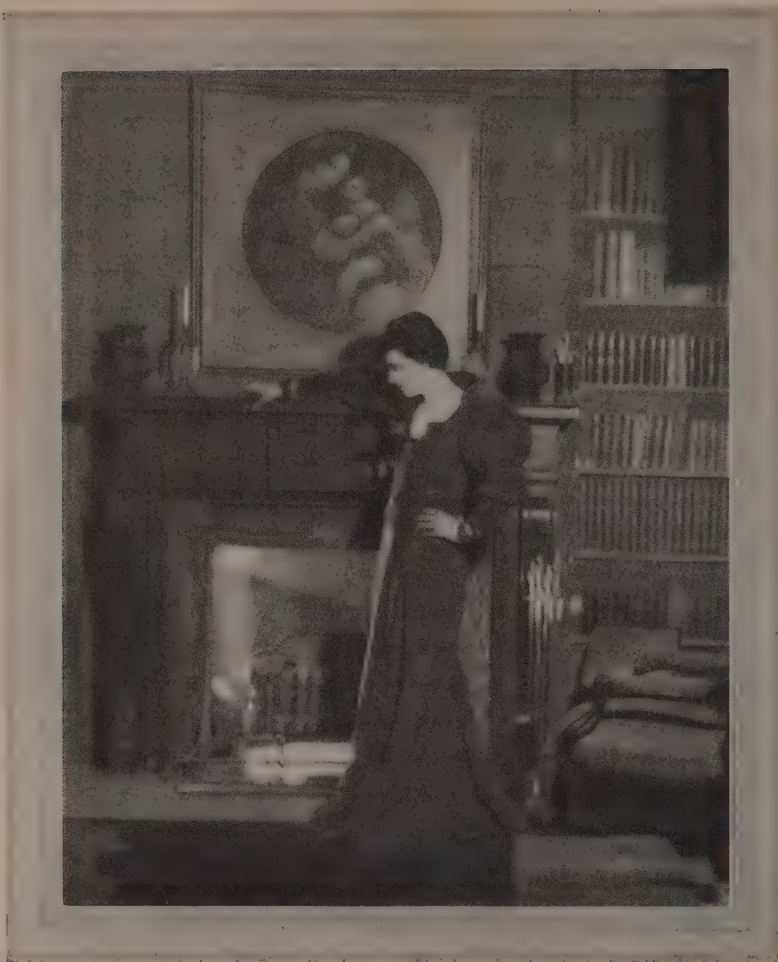


Left: Shakespeare's tragedy, Romeo and Juliet, was given a setting of dignity and beauty at the University of Minnesota, under the direction of Lester Raines. Paul Clayton as Romeo and Lucille Smith as Juliet are shown in the tomb scene

Right and below: Scenes from The Green Goddess, produced at the Pasadena Community Playhouse, Pasadena, Cal. The interesting and effective sets were designed by Robert R. Sharpe



Julia Hogan in the title-rôle of Shaw's *Candida*, which has proved the most popular production staged by the Dallas Little Theatre



DURING the last year the Dallas Little Theatre has received letters from Europe and Australia, as well as from many parts of the United States, asking various questions concerning its activities and for the secret of whatever success may have come to it. Perhaps the most significant thing about its organization is that the people who have actually worked to build it up have been united by a single powerful bond—a sincere and ardent passion for the best that is in the theatre. From the first its modest doors, both in front and back stage, have been open to all those whose appreciation of the worthiest in drama was left restless and unsatisfied by the entertainments which the commercial theatres of the city found it profitable to offer.

This is not meant to suggest that its members have been a group of "artistic souls" who scorned the commercial stage in favor of vaguely esthetic theories of the drama. Quite the reverse has been true; the people most active in the organization have realized with a growing conviction as it has developed that the foundation of all good drama is that same craft which the vaudeville actor uses so effectively on his three-a-day audiences. They believe that where the drama has really flowered, this homely and democratic root has always been hidden underneath, to give a vital life to its loveliest blossoms. And because they have cared for the blossoms, they have been careful not to forget the roots.

CLUMSILY, at first, and still haltingly, they are working toward some mastery of the skill to give a show. Not in the sense of achieving cheap and tawdry stage tricks, but in striving for a technique of the theatre.

The Dallas Little Theatre

The Group that won the David Belasco Cup two consecutive seasons at the National Little Theatre Tournament, New York

In a group such as the Dallas Little Theatre, where the actors are entirely non-professional, where no one appears in more than two, or at most three, performances during the year, the technical sureness of the professional actor must be, of course, largely a far-away ideal. But the amazing increase in the smoothness and vitality of its performances has demonstrated that the nucleus of men and women who work back-stage and before the footlights has been able to learn a great deal already that the workers of the professional theatres know. Audiences have been educated to expect something quite beyond the usual amateur standards and quite as intelligent interpretations as they find in the best professional companies.

Anyone is considered a member of the Dallas Little Theatre who buys a season ticket. These are sold for twelve dollars and entitle the holder to two reserved seats for the seven regular productions of the season, with seats to a special production given for subscribers only. Patron members support the theatre by paying twenty-five dollars instead of twelve. During the current year there have been a hundred patrons and some six hundred subscribers.

The membership of the theatre falls informally into two classes: First, that important group which regularly attends the performances as a faithful audience, and, second, those who are concerned with the actual producing of plays. This second group is always changing and is largely drawn from the first.

DURING the course of the last year between four hundred and five hundred people have been called upon to assist in the production in one way or another. Naturally, there is a

little band of some thirty or forty enthusiasts who are on hand to do whatever has to be done in an emergency and are usually in close touch with its activities.

In the productions of the past year more than a hundred different actors have been used. For the majority this was their first stage appearance in the Little Theatre and for many the first on any stage. A partial list of the activities of these men and women will indicate how wide is the interest and enthusiasm for the organization in the community. They were doctors, bankers, telegraph operators, advertising men, débutantes, newspaper reporters, teachers, interior decorators, singers, architects, engineers, accountants, housewives, mothers, children, college students, high-school boys and girls, grandmothers, railroad men, printers, salesmen, insurance men, Y. W. C. A. workers, artists and bookkeepers.

THE only paid person in the organization is the director. Upon him rests the full responsibility and so naturally the final decision in all matters pertaining to the activities inside of the theatre. His personality is very important, for it inevitably becomes fixed in the minds of the



Esther Strong as Prossy in the Dallas production of *Candida*

members as the symbol of the organization. His work is the avocation and recreation of all the others; he must be able to inspire, cajole, criticize and encourage. He must be firm and infinitely patient. He is the dynamo of the plant. In Oliver Hinsdell the Dallas Little Theatre feels itself peculiarly fortunate. He has directed the destinies of the organization in its success of the last two years. It is very largely due to his tireless efforts and unflagging devotion that the Little Theatre has won the place accorded it in the community.

Something has already been said of the powerful bond which unites the men and women who have actually built up the Dallas group—their common love for the theatre. Too much emphasis cannot be given to this fact.

BECAUSE of their real love for the theatre, the men and women who have made the Dallas Little Theatre have been willing, often, to put aside their personal ambitions and desires for what they realized to be a course of action which would mean a greater success for the productions as a whole. The unselfish attitude of counting first what will make for the effectiveness of the season's program has been so genuine among the workers that the ideals and aims of the organization have come to be accepted as the first consideration. By general consent, public opinion in the group has made individuals and personalities a secondary matter.

The Dallas Little Theatre is not the protégé of any one set or class of people. Men and women who really love the theatre spring from all classes. This has meant that the organization has been able to make its appeal to all classes for support. Whether it be a newspaper article, an empire sofa or a completely trained electrician, someone seems to know just the person to

whom to turn, and always the man or woman who is approached is made to feel that he is giving his help to a community theatre that belongs to him as much as to anyone else.

The hearty response which has come to the Little Theatre's activities, after the public began to be educated to come to its performances, has been a tremendous inspiration, but this has made it necessary to guard against an undue enthusiasm which would lead the organization to defeat its own ends.

UP to the present the group has been entirely self-supporting. Productions are carefully planned so as to come within a reasonable budget (somewhere between three hundred and six hundred dollars, including

giving dramas which otherwise the local public would have no opportunity to see.

Last year, at the beginning, a tentative list of plays was offered to the director in order that he might plan the details of the season.

Fashion was the opening. The committee decided before it was presented that if it was a success, *The Emperor Jones* was to follow. If it failed, something less experimental and novel would be substituted.

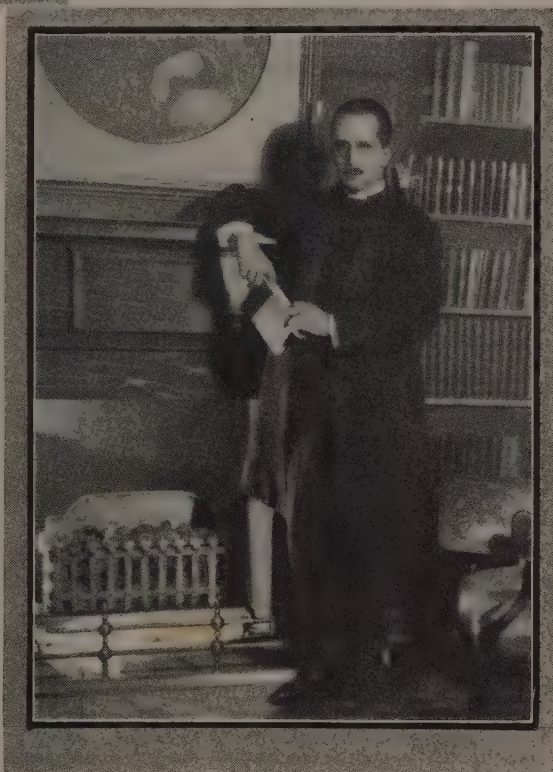
HAPPILY, *Fashion* proved one of the greatest successes the organization had ever had, and *The Emperor Jones* also surpassed hopes in the reception which the public gave it. Third was Shaw's *Pygmalion*, and by this time the season had brought such enthusiastic response from the audiences that the theatre felt it could afford to offer its subscribers so fine a tragedy as Masefield's *Nan*. *Seventeen*, which no professional company had ever given in Dallas, was presented next, and then Milne's *Mr. Pim Passes By*.

For the first time, the past year, the organization realized one of its early dreams, a workshop production of three original plays by Dallas playwrights. In March *In the Smokies*, by Norman Crowell, and *Saved and Till Life Do Us Part*, by J. W. Rogers, Jr., were presented for subscribers for three performances. It is hoped in coming years to make the workshop a feature of the Little Theatre's activities and at regular intervals to have such productions for playwrights who are seriously interested in their craft and wish the opportunity of trying out their work.

Nationally, an important event of the season of the Little Theatre of Dallas was the production of *Outward Bound*, offered in April.

Except for one rôle, which was played by Joe Peel of the Little Theatre of Dallas, this production
(Continued on page 68)

Photos Ernest Salomon Studios



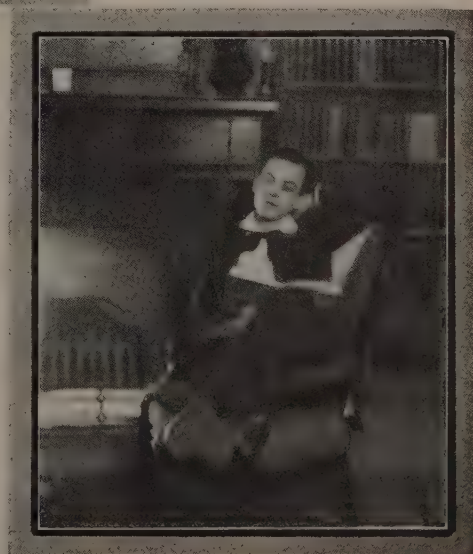
Oliver Hinsdell, director of the Dallas Little Theatre, as he appeared in the part of Rev. Morrell in *Candida*. Mr. Hinsdell, who has made a remarkable record as a successful director of Little Theatre organizations has been largely instrumental in bringing the Dallas group to its present high state of efficiency and artistic development

royalty), and a conscious effort has been made to keep the growth slow and sound rather than seem to force it in any way.

The choice of plays to be given for the seven regular performances of the season and for any special production that may be decided upon rests with a committee of five, which includes the director, the president and three other members of the organization.

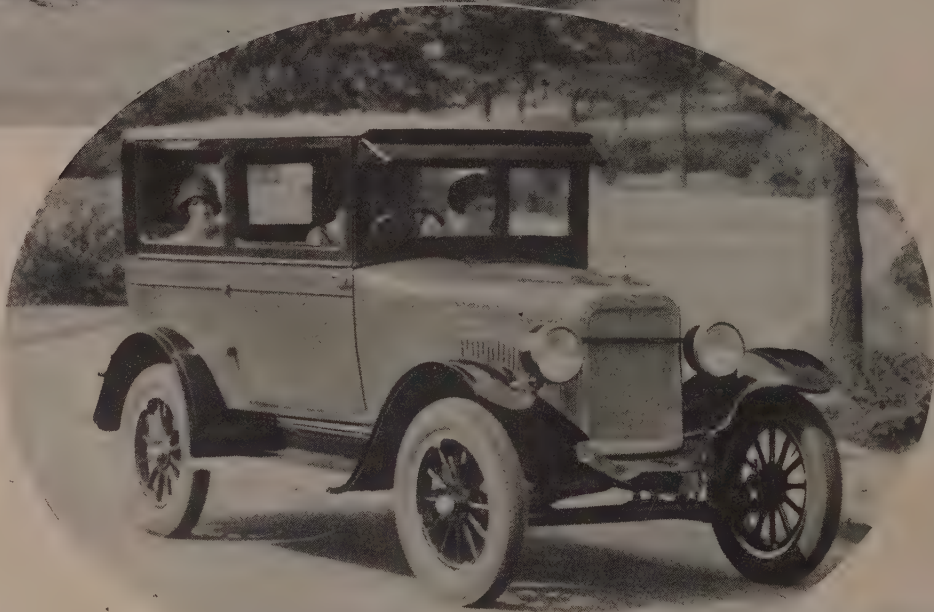
It has been found advisable, as a general rule, to alternate serious plays with light ones and to specialize in

Below: True Thompson in *Candida*



CARS ON THE HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARDS:
STAGE AND SCREEN
ARE ALIKE WHEN
IT'S A QUESTION OF
AN AUTOMOBILE

Lew Cody stops on his way from "location" to test and admire Monta Bell's new Flint Six "55." The film director points out with an owner's pride that his roadster will carry five passengers (three in the standard seat and two in the rear club seat) and further explains that the vibration of his jaunty little car has been reduced to a minimum by the use of a seven-bearing crankshaft



This attractive Overland sedan is proving one of the most popular cars of the season. Built compactly, it yet retains a distinctive silhouette and a roomy interior and is particularly well liked by the woman motorist because it is easy to handle

Joan Crawford, of Metro-Goldwyn, likes to go on all-day picnics in her Jordan Line Eight Playboy. She has already marshaled a fellow player, Douglas Gilmore, and in a little while the comfortable tonneau seat will have two other occupants. Then the swanky all-steel constructed roadster will head for the country, prepared by its perfect equipment for every condition of weather and road



Several seasons ago Mae Busch invested in a Hudson and ever since she has been a Hudson "fan"—so much so in fact that this year she has had one of these admirable machines especially constructed for her use. Beside the extra fittings, the car has the standard Hudson motorometer and shutters for regulating the running heat of the motor, the "clear-vision" windshield construction, the cowl ventilator and the patented oil-cups, by means of which the automobile is easily and efficiently lubricated.



Roy D'Arcy, the Crown Prince of *The Merry Widow*, finds there is as much beauty in the motion of a Buick as in a waltz, for the low-pressure tires and cantilever rear-spring suspension provide easy riding on all roads, to say nothing of the 60-h.p. triple-sealed valve-in-head engine.

Renée Adorée about to enter her stunning Paige sedan, finished in cobalt blue with straw-colored stripes. The soft, springy cushions are upholstered in a warm brown mohair and the tasteful fittings are of the daintiest design with a brushed platinum finish. But what puts this luxurious machine at the head of "The Big Parade" of motorists is its powerful engine, spectacular hill-climbing ability and substantial construction.



FASHIONS

AS INTRODUCED BY
THE LEADING WOMEN OF
THE STAGE AND SCREEN

Models from A. Jaekel & Co.



Beautiful Russian ermine coats and
cape effects are what the women of dis-
tinction are wearing for their Palm
Beach evening wraps

Photos Lucas-Kanarian



A youthful white georgette dance frock with a full-flare skirt. Rhinestones radiate from a red velvet bow at the center and are also so arranged as to give a gypsy girdle effect



Chanel's newest sweater suit is of green Rodier's crepella. The two-piece dress has a heavy crêpe de chine blouse with zigzag stitching of same color. The skirt is very finely pleated and the pleats are held fast with a fine row of stitching



The irresistible Irene Bordoni, star of *Naughty Cinderella*, selected these models from Lord & Taylor to complete her wardrobe

This simple cape dress of heavy crêpe de chine has a skirt of very lovely fullness which is concealed in inverted pleats at the front, side and back. The detachable cape adds very graceful lines to the costume

Photos Nicholas Haz



*These two models
from B. Altman & Co.*

For early spring this attractive afternoon dress of navy-blue taffeta, combined with navy-blue twill. The chic high neck and cuffs are of white satin, embroidered in beads and silk. The taffeta tie bow gives it a very youthful touch



Changeable rose taffeta with rose net flounces makes this a very desirable dance frock. Coral embroidered bands hang loosely from the shoulders



Coat of white homespun lined with white kasha, cut in Lanvin flare, with cuffs and collar of baby leopard

Carrot-colored coat of English Kashana, with collar, cuffs and band about hem of white cory stenciled in brown



Models from
Gunther's



Brown and tan embroidery on Rodier's tan kasha cloth, with brown fox collar



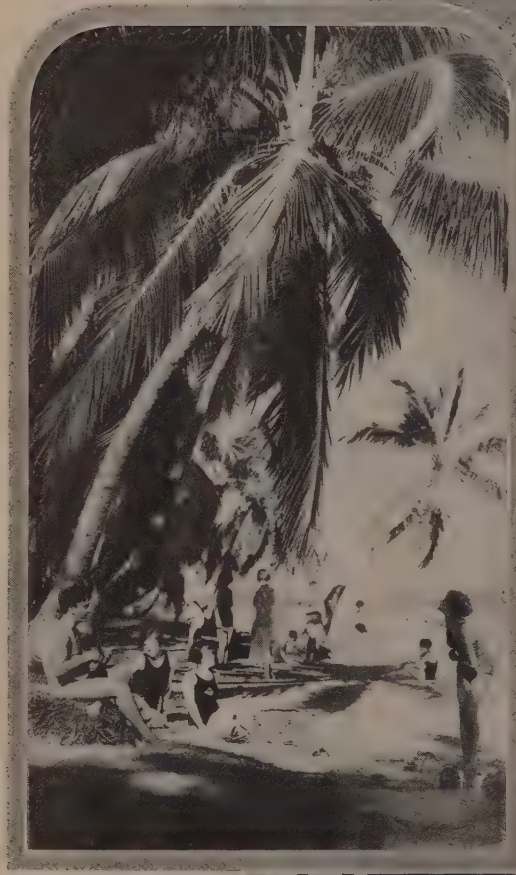
Rodier's green with copper shadow-print cloth, embroidered in gold and trimmed with red fox collar



The beautiful home of Mr. C. W. DeLong at Coral Gables is a fine example of the distinctive and highly individual architecture being developed to meet tropical conditions. Each structural detail has received artistic consideration and a picturesque effect is achieved by the century-old roof tiles which were especially imported from Spain



The Venetian Pool and Casino were constructed at a cost of \$500,000. The Casino, built of coral rock overlaid with delicately tinted and mottled plaster, is a reproduction of an old ducal palace in Venice. Here hundreds of children bathe daily, while their parents lunch or have tea in the open loggia



America has its own Riviera—warm waters and brilliant blue sky—which make possible an all-year-round outdoor existence. This picture, which was taken in mid-Winter, is a typical Coral Gables scene



Palm trees and sunshine just outside one's doorway are part of the eternal June which lures Americans to Florida. This attractive home is one of the thousands which have been built by Northern investors in tropical climates

"LA COTE D'AZUR" OF AMERICA

The theatrical world is also taking part in the hegira to Coral Gables, Florida



Year-round bathing is one of the great attractions and it is made doubly delightful by the lovely surroundings—Old World walls and moss-draped loggias reflecting the shifting sunlight and shadows



The drawing-room in the home of Mr. DeLong has a sweeping spaciousness which creates that atmosphere of coolness so necessary in a summer residence. The tiled floor, high-raftered ceiling and daintily curtained windows further carry out the restful note of the room



A stately stairway in the magnificent patio of the Miami-Biltmore Country Club. This smart rendezvous, with its fine eighteen-hole course, has become the Winter golf capital of America



The Recent Plays



A Lady's Virtue. Play in three acts by Rachel Crothers. Produced by Miss Crothers at the Bijou Theatre, Nov. 23, with this cast:

Mrs. Lucas, Isabel Irving; A maid, Florence Arlington; Sally Halstead, Florence Nash; Madame Sisson, Mary Nash; Walter Lucas, George Barbier; Ralph Lucas, George Meeker; Harry Halstead, Robert Warwick; Eugenio, Guido Nadzo; Tshstanoff, Martin Berkeley; Montie, Joseph King.

Androcles and the Lion. Comedy in two acts by George Bernard Shaw. Revived by the Theatre Guild at the Klaw Theatre, Nov. 23, with this cast:

The Lion, Romney Brent; Androcles, Henry Travers; Magaira, Alice Bellmore Cliffe; Beggar, Richard Nye; Centurion, Galwey Herbert; The Captain, Tom Powers; Lavinia, Clare Eames; Lentulus, Romney Brent; Metellus, Allan Ward; Spitho, Philip Leigh; Ferrovius, Orville Caldwell; Ox Driver, William M. Griffith; Secutor, Frederick Chilton; The Call Boy, Alfred Little; The Editor, Edward Reese; Menagerie Keeper, Galwey Herbert; Retarius, William M. Griffith; Caesar, Edward Robinson.

Antonia. Play in three acts by Melchior Lengyel. Produced by Charles Frohman, Inc., at the Empire Theatre, Oct. 20, with this cast:

Juli, Heppie Warren; Vince Fancsy, Lumsden Hare; George Tamassy, H. Tyrrell Davis; Antonia, Marjorie Hambeau; Jancsi, John Shanks; Piri, Ruth Hammond; A Chambermaid, Maria Palay; Mihaly, George Greenberg; Ersi, Marion Stephenson; Bela Kovacsy, Philip Merivale; Fista, Malcolm Dennison; Richard, Harry Plimmer; Rudl, Alexander Szalay; A Profiteer, Sam Sidman; His Wife, Anne Brody; Lia, Ilka Chase; Captain Pierre Marceau, Georges Renavent; Marcsa, Mabel Colcord.

Beware of Widois. Comedy in three acts by Owen Davis. Produced by Crosby Gaige at the Maxine Elliott Theatre, Dec. 1, with this cast:

Bill Bradford, Donald MacDonald; Captain Jones, Bernard A. Reinold; Ruth Chadwick, Beatrice Miles; Peter Chadwick, Charles Millward; Jack Waller, M.D., Alan Edwards; Sam, Leslie Adams; Paula Lea, Diantha Pattison; Joyce Bragdon, Madge Kennedy; Molly, Doris Dagmar; Ching, M. I. Lee.

By the Way. Revue in two acts. Book by Ronald Jeans and Harold Simpson, music by Vivian Ellis, lyrics by Graham John. Produced by A. L. Erlanger at the Gaiety Theatre, Dec. 28, with these principals:

Jack Hulbert, Cicely Courtneidge, Harold French, Phyl Arnold, Celia Glynn, Josephine Quest, Dorothy Hurst, Laurence Green, Eddie Childs.

Easy Come, Easy Go. Farce in three acts by Owen Davis. Produced by Lewis & Gordon in association with Sam Harris at the Cohan Theatre, Oct. 26, with this cast:

Mortimer Quale, Edward Arnold; Horace Winfield, Neil O'Malley; Pullman Porter, Jules Bennett; Dick Tain, Otto Kruger; Jim Bailey, Victor Moore; Tom Nash, Edwin Walter; Mrs. Masters, Harriett Marloite; Alma Borden, Betty Garder; Harvey Borden, John Bingham; Walcott Masters, Frank W. Taylor; Ada Ray, Vaughn DeLeath; Dr. Coots, Jefferson Hall; Barbara Quale, Mary Halliday; Dr. Jasper, Edwin Maxwell; Molly, Nan Sunderland; Shadow Martin, John Irwin.

Easy Virtue. Play in three acts by Noel Coward. Produced by Charles Frohman in association with Joseph P. Bickerton, Jr., and Basil Dean at the Empire Theatre, Dec. 7, with this cast:

Mrs. Whittaker, Miss Mabel Terey Lewis; Marion, Miss Marda Varne; Colonel Whittaker, Mr. Halliwell Hobbes; Hilda, Miss Joan Clement Scott; Furber, Mr. Lionel Hogarth; John, Mr. Robert Harris; Larita, Miss Jane Cowl; Sarah Hurst, Miss Joyce Carey; Charles Burleigh, Mr. Vernon Kelso; Philip Borden, Mr. Peter Carpenter; Mr. Harris, Mr. William Godmore.

Hamlet (in modern dress). Tragedy in five acts by William Shakespeare. Produced by Horace Liveright at the Booth Theatre, Nov. 9, with this cast:

Claudius, Walter Kingsford; Hamlet, Basil Sydney; Polonius, Charles Warrenton; Horatio, Percy Waram; Laertes, Stafford Dickens; Ghost of Hamlet's Father, Herbert Ranson; Rosencrantz, Harry Green; Guildenstern, Lawrence Tulloch; Osric, Francis Sadtler; Bernardo, Gordon Standing; Marcellus, John Burr; Francisco, Elmer Cornell; First Player, Herbert Ranson; First Grave Digger, ———; Second Grave Digger, John Burr; A Captain, Bernard Savage; Gertrude, Adrienne Morrison; Ophelia, Helen Chandler; Player Queen, Katherine Francis.

In a Garden. Play in three acts by Philip Barry. Produced by Arthur Hopkins at the Plymouth Theatre, Nov. 16, with this cast:

Lisa Terry, Laurette Taylor; Adrian Terry, Frank Conroy; Norry Bliss, Louis Cahern; Roger Compton, Ferdinand Gottchalk; Miss Maide, Marie Bruce.

Merchants of Glory. Play in three acts. Translated by Ralph Roeder from the French of Marcel Pagnol and Paul Nivoix. Produced by the Theatre Guild Dec. 14, at the Guild Theatre, with this cast:

Madam Bachelet, Helen Westley; Yvonne, Betty Linley; Germaine Bachelet, Armina Marshall; Grandel, Lee Baker; Bachelet, Augustin Duncan; Pigal, George Nash; A Man, Philip Loeb; Lieutenant Colonel Blandard, Lowden Adams; Richebon, Charles Halton; Monsieur Denis, Jose Ruben; Comte de l'Eauville, Edward Fielding; Secretary, Stanley G. Wood; Usher, Philip Loeb.

Morals. Play in three acts by Ludwig Thoma. Produced by the Actors' Theatre, Nov. 30, at the Comedy Theatre, with this cast:

Herr Beermann, Edwin Nicander; Frau Beermann, Alice John; Fraulein Effie Beermann, Millicent Grayson; Herr Bolland, Henry Cervill; Frau Bolland, Cecil Kern; Dr. Wasner, Stanley Howlett; Herr Hans Jacob Dobler, Wheeler Dryden; Herr Hauser, Edward Van Sloan; Fraulein Koch, Elise Cavanaugh; Frau Lund, Jennie A. Eustace; Assessor Strobel, John Craig; Reissacher, Joseph Allenton; Madam De Hauteville, Marian Warring-Manley; Baron von Schmettau, Hermann Lieb.

Naughty Cinderella. Farce in three acts by Avery Hopwood. Produced by Charles Frohman, Inc., in association with E. Ray Goetz, at the Lyceum Theatre, Nov. 9, with this cast:

Gerald Gray, Henry Kendall; Jacques, Marcel Rousselle; Claire, Fenton, Evelyn Gosnell; Bunny West, John Deverell; Thomas Fenton, Orlando Daly; Germaine Leverrier, Irene Bordon; Chouchou Rousselle, Adele Windson; K. O. Bill Smith, Nat Pendleton.

Princess Flavia. Operetta in three acts. Book and lyrics by Harry B. Smith, music by Sigmund Romberg. Produced by the Messrs. Shubert at the Century Theatre, Nov. 2, with these principals:

Rudolph Rassendyl, Harry Welchman; General Sapt, William Pringle; Rupert of Hentzau, John Clarke; Franz Teppich, William Danforth; Lieutenant von Tarlenheim, James Marshall; Gilbert Bertrand, Alois Havrilla; Michael, Douglas R. Dumbrie; Detchard, Joseph Toner; De Gautet, Earle Lee; Bersonin, Dudley Marwick; Princess

Flavia, Evelyn Herbert; Helga, Margaret Breen; Antoinette de Mauban Felicia Drenova; Sophie Teppich, Maude Odell.

Stronger Than Love. Play in three acts by Dario Niccodemi. Produced by Carl Reed at the Belasco Theatre, Dec. 28, with this cast:

Florence Lumley, Patricia Calvert; Gaston, Borden Harriman; Jean, Echlin Gayer; Countess De Bernois, Katherine Grey; Lord Michael Lumley, Beresford Lovett; Laura Regnault, Zola Talma; Regnault, Ernest Lawford; Marius, Ralph Forbes; Duchesse De Nievers, Nance O'Neil; Marguerita, Lois Ross; Louise, Julia Duncan; His Eminence, Frederick Perry.

The Cocoanuts. Musical comedy in two acts. Music and lyrics by Irving Berlin, book by George S. Kaufman. Produced by Sam H. Harris at the Lyric Theatre, Dec. 8, with these principals:

Jamison, Zeppo Marx; Eddie, George Hale; Mrs. Potter, Margaret Dumont; Harvey Yates, Henry Whittemore; Penelope Martyn, Janet Velie; Polly Potter, Mabel Withee; Robert Adams, Jack Barker; Henry W. Schlemmer, Gröucho Marx; Willie the Wop, Chico Marx; Silent Sam, Harpo Marx; Hennessey, Basil Ruysdael; Frances Williams, Frances Williams.

The Dybbuk. Drama in three acts by Ansky. Produced by the Neighborhood Players, Dec. 15, at the Neighborhood Playhouse, with these principals:

First Batlan, Edgar Kent; Second Batlan, Junius Matthews; Third Batlan, George Bratt; Meyer, Shamos, Harold West; Meshulach, La MacLaren; Channon, Albert Carroll; Hennock, Otto Hulicius; An Old Woman, Vera Allen; Leah, Mary Ellis; Reb. Sender, Marc Tutell; Leyser, George Heller; Moyshen, Otto Hulicius; Zeydl, Lewis McMichael; Shlemiel, Benson Inge; Reb. Nachman, George Bratt; Menashe, Harold Minjer; Reb. Mendl, Junius Matthews; Rabbi Aesrael, Edgar Kent; Reb. Michael, Harold Minjer; Rabbi Shamsion, Otto Hulicius.

The Enemy. Play in three acts by Channing Pollock. Produced by Crosby Gaige at the Times Square Theatre, Oct. 20, with this cast:

Carl Behrend, Walter Abel; Pauli Arndt, Fay Bainter; Baruska, Olive May; Bruce Gordon, Lyonel Watts; August Behrend, Charles Dalton; Jan, Harold Vermilye; Dr. Arndt, Russ Whytal; Mizzi Winckelman, Jane Seymour; Kurt, Donald Hughes; Fritz Winckelman, John Wray.

The Fountain. Play in eleven scenes by Eugene O'Neill. Produced by MacGowan, Jones and O'Neill at the Greenwich Village Theatre, Dec. 10, with these principals:

Juan Ponce de Leon, Walter Huston; Luis de Alvarado, Egon Brecher; Diego Menendez, Crane Wilbur; Christopher Columbus, Henry O'Neill; Friar Quesada, Edgar Stehli; Nano, Curtis Cooksey; Beatriz de Cordova, Rosalinde Fuller.

The Glass Slipper. Comedy in three acts by Ferenc Molnar. Produced by the Theatre Guild, Oct. 19, at the Guild Theatre, with this cast:

Irma Szabo, June Walker; Lilly, Eddie Wragge; Adele Romajzer, Helen Westley; Kati, Armina Marshall; Paul Caszar, George Baxter; Lajos Sipos, Lee Baker; Adele's Mother, Vini Atherton; Julcsa, Ethel Westley; Viola, Evealine Barried; Stetner, Martin Wolfson; Bandi Sasz, Louis Cruger; Captain Gal, Erskine Sanford; Mrs. Rotics, Amelia Summerville; Ilona Keczei, Ethel Valentine; Dr. Theodore Sagody, Ralph MacBane; Police Magistrate, Edward Fielding.

The Last of Mrs. Cheyney. Comedy in three acts by Frederick Lonsdale. Produced by Charles

Dillingham at the Fulton Theatre, Nov. 9, with this cast:

Charles, A. E. Matthews; George, Alfred Ayre; Lady Joan Houghton, Nancy Ryan; Willie Wynton, Lionel Pape; Lady Mary Sindley, Audrey Thompson; Maria, Helen Hays; Mrs. Winton, Mabel Buckley; Lord Arthur Dilling, Roland Young; Lord Elton, Felix Aylmer; Mrs. Cheyney, Ina Claire; Mrs. Webley, Winifred Harris.

The Man of Destiny. Play in one act by George Bernard Shaw. Revived by the Theatre Guild, Nov. 23, at the Guild Theatre, with this cast:

Napoleon, Tom Powers; Giuseppe, Edward G. Robinson; The Lieutenant, Edward Reese; The Lady, Clare Eames.

The Master Builder. Drama in three acts by Henrik Ibsen. Produced by Eva Le Gallienne at the Maxine Elliott Theatre with this cast:

Knut Brovik, Sydney Machet; Ragnar Brovik, J. Warren Sterling; Kaia Fostil, Ruth Wilton; Halvard Solness, Max Montoy; Aline Solness, Cecelia Radcliffe; Doctor Herdal, William Raymond; Hilda Wangel, Eva Le Gallienne.

The Monkey Talks. Play in three acts, adapted from the French of René Fauchois by Gladys Unger. Produced by Arch Selwyn at the Sam H. Harris Theatre, Dec. 28, with this cast:

Mata, Frank G. Bond; Dada, Harry Mestayer; Zizi, Luther Adler; Lorenzo, Wilton Lackaye; Dora, Martha Bryan Allen; Pierre, Tommy Colton; Nelly Goldsmith, Ethel Wilson; The Viscount, Gerard Willshire; Brassol, Eugene Weber; Louis, Mark Smith; Sam Wick, Philip Merivale; Faho, Jacques Lerner; Countessa Almanza, Sadonia Corelli.

The Patsy. Comedy in three acts by Barry Connors. Produced by Richard Herndon at the Booth Theatre, Dec. 23, with this cast:

Mr. Harrington, Joseph Allen; Mrs. Harrington, Lucia Moore; Grace Harrington, Mary Stills; Patricia Harrington, Claiborne Foster; Billy Caldwell, John Diggs; Tony Anderson, Herbert Clark.

The School for Scandal. Comedy in five acts by Richard Brinsley Sheridan. Presented by Druce and Street at the Little Theatre, Oct. 22, with this cast:

Lady Sneerwell, Beatrice Terry; Snake, Joaquin Souther; Joseph Surface, Frederick G. Lewis; Maria, Nora Stirling; Mrs. Candour, Florence Edney; Crabtree, John H. Brewer; Sir Benjamin Backbite, Claud Allister; Lady Teazle, Mrs. Insull; Sir Peter Teazle, Hubert Druce; Rowley, Clifford Walker; Sir Oliver Surface, Sydney Paxton; Moses, Ralph Roberts; Trip, David Belbridge; Charles Surface, Wilfrid Seagram; Careless (with song), Charles Romano; Sir Harry Bumper, Dwight George.

Young Blood. Comedy in three acts by James Forbes. Produced by the Dramatists' Theatre, Nov. 24, at the Ritz Theatre, with this cast:

Alan Dana, Norman Trevor; Alan Dana, Jr., Eric Dressler; Louise, Florence Eldridge; Sammy Bissell, Monroe Owsley; Georgia Bissell, Helen Hayes; William Eames, Ph.D., Malcolm Duncan.

Young Woodley. Play in three acts by John Van Druten. Produced by George C. Tyler at the Belmont Theatre, Nov. 2, with this cast:

Cope, George Walcott; Vining, Geoffrey John Harwood; Ainger, Edward Crandall; Milner, John Gerard; Woodley, Glenn Hunter; Laura Simmons, Helen Gahagan; Simmons, Herbert Bunston; Mr. Woodley, Grant Stewart.





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HEARD ON BROADWAY

(Continued from page 38)

THE other and more continuous Mr. Hopkins—ARTHUR HOPKINS—has been so bold as to commit himself to the production of a jazz opera. Hearing of the ovation accorded to W. F. HARLING by the bejeweled elite of Chicago at the premiere of *The Light of St. Agnes*, he immediately got in touch with the young composer and signed him up for a new saxophonic score. Laurence Stallings is to do the libretto and Robert Edmund Jones the settings.

APROPOS of Higher Jazz, it was edifying to note that in many of the reviews of *Song of the Flame* the chief credit for the music was given to GEORGE GERSHWIN, although on the program his name appeared second to that of HERBERT STOTHART. It seemed to be assumed that because Gershwin had won the approval of the *intelligentsia* with orchestral compositions such as the highly original "Rhapsody in Blue," he must therefore be the composer of the Hammerstein operetta. Without wishing to question in any way Gershwin's well-deserved prestige, we think it only fair to point out that about four-fifths of the music of this particular show was composed by his friend and collaborator, Herbert Stothart. Still, it is perhaps indiscreet to challenge the happy legend that all good stuff emanates from the already famous—just as all witty remarks must necessarily have originated with OLIVER HERFORD.

AND, speaking of operettas (as IRVIN COBB almost said), we hear that the next vehicle for the STONE family—Fred, Dorothy and Mother—is to have melodies by JEROME KERN and a book by OTTO HARBACH; the latter to collaborate with ANNE CALDWELL in writing the lyrics. We hereby extend our sympathies to any team of authors confronted with the task of hitting upon as perfect a title as *Stepping Stones*.

WISKERS worn on the stage are rarely of the home-grown variety. The average dramatic artist feels that his countenance should be kept clear for action. If the rôle calls for hirsute accouterments, these may be added each evening in the dressing-room, but they must never be counted in as part of his official face; otherwise the manager will set him down as a "type," and he may have to wait for a job till another "beaver" drama like *Abraham Lincoln* is produced. Thus if ERNEST COSSART were really committed to that whopping pair of Bulgarian underbrushes which he wears in *Arms and the Man*, we should probably never see him on the stage again. PAUL McALLISTER for several seasons awed the inhabitants of the metropolis by flaunting a mighty beard worthy of a Russian grand duke. He did so by sheer courage and by the grace of the movies with

which he was chiefly occupied. But in the end, for the sake of Broadway, he shaved; and we doubt that he will ever repeat that hair-raising experience.

RUSSELL MEDCRAFT tells an amusing yarn of his initiation days as a Broadway dramatist. "We had been rehearsing *Cradle Snatchers* for over three weeks, and we'd reached a point where we were so stale on it that we couldn't judge it any more. We hoped it would go, but to us it seemed just terrible. So we got the habit of dragging in people to look at it and tell us what they thought. Anybody, everybody was asked for an opinion. One day I saw a property-man hanging around, waiting for instructions about some chairs that had been ordered. He was one of the regular crew of the Music Box. 'Well,' I thought, 'might as well get his opinion too.' So I asked him what he thought of the play. He hesitated a moment and then said: 'Oh, the book's swell. But I ain't heard any of the music yet.'"

AT the present time MEDCRAFT and NORMA MITCHELL are finishing up a new farce. Though there are rumors concerning it, they have cannily held off from signing any contract, as they are figuring on exacting what are known as Fancy Terms. Our heart bleeds for the Broadway managers who have to cope with such commercialism of Art.

FEW New York notables are more faithful in attending dinners On the Occasion Of and luncheons In Honor Of than C. B. DILLINGHAM and CHARLES HANSON TOWNE. From encountering each other so often at these gastronomic gatherings the two men have got to be quite pally. The other day they met on the street. "Hello, Charlie," said Dillingham. "First time I ever saw you when you weren't eating."

THE Messrs. SHESGREEN & VROOM, who took over the handling of *The Poor Nut* for PATTERSON McNUTT, claim to be a new type of firm on Broadway: managers who merely manage. They produce, exploit and supervise shows and attend to every detail except the trifling one of putting up the money. Hence we gather that they must be either Guardian Angels or Angels' Guardians or both.

LESLIE HENSON, one of England's most popular comedians, hopped over here recently to take a look at *Kid Boots*, in which he is soon to appear in London in the part created by EDDIE CANTOR. On the eve of sailing back he expressed himself as being deeply touched by a paragraph he had seen in one of the Chicago papers which spoke of him as the "well-known Swedish comedian" who had come over to "understudy Eddie Cantor."

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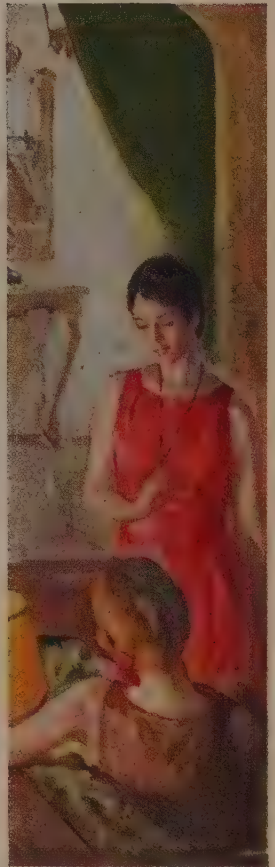
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They Want to Know—

Q. Can you tell me if Jeanne Eagles ever played opposite George Arliss, and if she did, when?—Mary Ingalls, Brooklyn, N. Y.

A. Miss Eagles toured with George Arliss in 1916, playing the rôle of Lady Clarissa in *Disraeli*.

Q. What are some of the books on drama which Kenneth Macgowan has written?—Dora Olmstead, Santa Barbara, Calif.

A. Mr. Macgowan is author of "The Theatre of To-morrow" and co-author with Robert Edmond Jones of "Continental Stagecraft." In conjunction with Rosse he wrote "Masks and Daemons."

Q. What did Margaret Dale, now appearing in "Cradle Snatchers," play in last season?—Sanford Reud, Tree Studios, Chicago.

A. Miss Dale was seen last season in *The Best People*.

Q. Where and when was Lenore Ulric born?—Ruth Overfield, Greenwich, Conn.

A. Miss Ulric was born in New Ulm, Minn., 1894.

Q. Would you please give me a summary of Fay Bainter's stage career?—Thomas Hoag, Sayville, L. I.

A. Miss Bainter made her stage début in 1909 with the Belasco Stock Company, Los Angeles. She made her first New York appearance at Daly's Theatre, 1912, as Celine Marinter in *The Rose of Panama*. The following year she played Alice Weston in *The Bridal Path* and in 1914 toured with Mrs. Fiske in *Mrs. Bumpstead-Leigh*. There followed a period of "stock" work in Albany and Des Moines. Then in 1916 Miss Bainter returned to New York, playing Ruth Sherwood in *Arms and the Girl* with great success. The following year she scored a tremendous hit as *The Image* and *Mary Temple* in *The Willow Tree*. The next season she was seen as Aline in *The Kiss Burglar* and at the end of that year she won great popularity with her portrayal of Ming Toy in *East Is West*. In 1922 she played the title-rôle in *The Lady Christalinda*. Her next two plays were *The Other Rose* and *The Dream Girl*. At present she is playing Pauli in *The Enemy*.

Q. To whom was Dorothy Dalton married before she became the wife of Arthur Hammerstein?—Bessie Ackerman, Midvale, N. J.

A. Miss Dalton's first husband was Lew Cody, the motion-picture actor.

Q. Will you please tell me who played the rôle of the Montague Girl in "Merton of the Movies" when it was running in New York?—A. L. T.

A. Florence Nash.

Q. Can you tell me what was the last play Maude Adams appeared in before she retired from the stage?—Gertrude Adams, Philadelphia, Pa.

A. *A Kiss for Cinderella*.

Q. Can you give me the following

information about Marjorie Rambeau? How old is she? What part did she first play in New York? When did she play in "As You Like It"? What is she doing now?—Millie Saunders, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

A. Miss Rambeau is thirty-seven years old. She made her New York début as Nelly in *Kick In*. She played Rosalind in 1923 and at present she is appearing in *Antonia*.

Q. What books would you recommend for an enthusiastic theatregoer who wants to read up on the early days of our stage and know something about the famous American actors of the past?—John Milner, Albany, N. Y.

A. "A History of the Theatre in America," by Arthur Hornblow (J. B. Lippincott, Philadelphia, publishers), tells the story of our stage from its beginnings to the present time, with portraits of all the great players. Another book that might help you is "Retrospections of the Stage," by John Bernard (Bentley, London).

Q. Who played the title-rôle in "The Rise of Silas Lapham"?—L. F.

A. James K. Hackett.

Q. Who played Dr. Ziska in "The Monster" two seasons ago?—D. R. Manheim, Boston, Mass.

A. Wilton Lackaye.

Q. What was the last play in which Julia Sanderson appeared?—Thomas H. Larkin, Scarsdale, N. Y.

A. "Moonlight."

Q. Will you please give me some of the main facts in Eddie Cantor's career?—Stella Arndt, Brooklyn, N. Y.

A. In 1916 he toured the country in *Canary Cottage*. He appeared at the Winter Garden in New York City in *Broadway Beauties* of 1920. In 1922 played in *Make It Snappy* and scored a great success the following year in *Kid Boots*.

Q. Who played Mrs. Bett in the New York production of "Lulu Bett"?—Sybil Ogelsby, Newark, N. J.

A. Louise Closser Hale.

Q. Did Robert Ames play with Ruth Chatterton in "Come Out of the Kitchen"?—Lester Weiser, Beverly Hills, Calif.

A. Yes, he played the rôle of Charles Daingerfield.

Q. I have been trying to remember the name of the character Arnold Daly played in "On the Stairs." Can you tell me?—Henrietta Craig, Cleveland, Ohio.

A. Swami Abbukevanda.

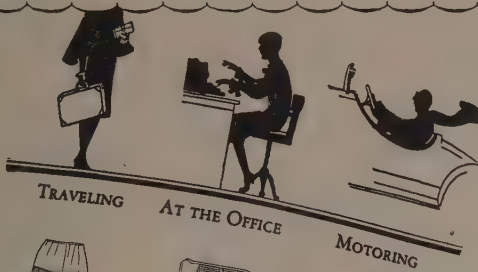
Q. Can you give the name of the actress who played Mary Stuart in John Drinkwater's play when it was given in New York several years ago?—Louise Blake, Richmond, Va.

A. Clare Eames.

Q. When and in what play did Lupino Lane make his first American stage appearance?—G. L. Korbel.

A. In 1920 at the Century Theatre as Concorli in *Afgar*.

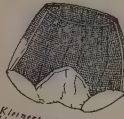
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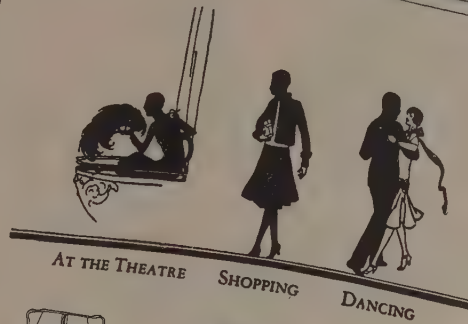
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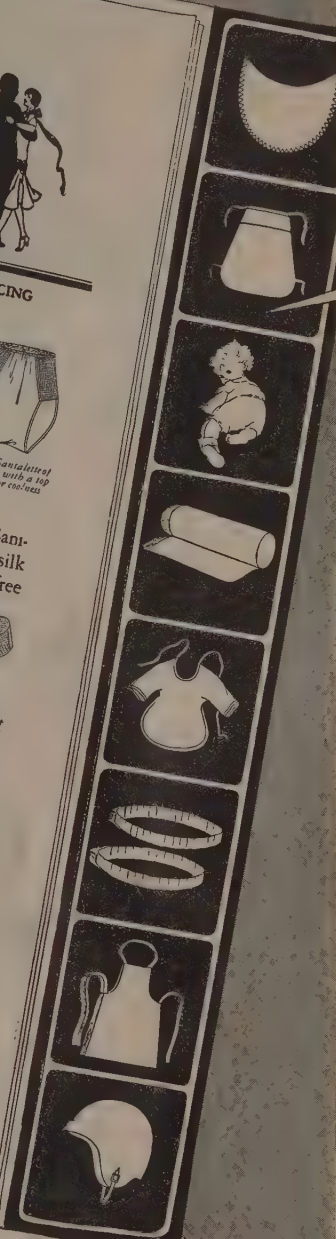
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(Continued from page 28)



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FRITZ: They were all ready.

CARL (reading): "Sending troops to Belgium!"

FRITZ: Let them! We'll drive them into the sea.

Mizzi comes in and is acquainted with the news. Austrians were being insulted on the streets of London. But two could play at that game. Fritz bursts into song:

"God marches with our eagles;
God victory will bring;
If the King of England fights us, then
God save the King!"

In the open doorway stands Bruce. He is very white. As he steps into the room, closing the door behind him, he faces Fritz.

BRUCE: What's happened?

FRITZ (a low growl): You—

BRUCE: Carl, what's happened?

CARL: You know!

BRUCE: I don't. I've been reading quietly in the university. Somebody tell me. . . . Pauli, you!

CARL: Keep away from my wife!

FRITZ: Carl, or me, or anybody! Friendship! This traitor from a land of traitors!

BRUCE (has turned away. Now suddenly, violently he turns back): A land of . . . England? England . . . asleep while you plotted, World Dominion! England . . . trading quietly while jealous rivals were preparing, and then because a crazy schoolboy killed a fat bully—

MIZZI: Our beloved Archduke!

BRUCE: . . . you invade a peaceful nation at our very doors!

FRITZ: So your security was involved? BRUCE: No . . . our honor! Don't talk of friendship. You have no friends. When you entered Belgium, you became the Enemy of the World! FRITZ (starts forward): You—!

PAULI: Wait! Don't you see he's saying the same things we're saying. We're all saying the same thing, and believing it, and killing one another for it!

FRITZ: They dragged our flag in the mud!

MIZZI (pointing to picture of Bruce): And we're flying theirs!

FRITZ: The dirty rag!

BRUCE (murderously): Don't touch it! FRITZ: I spit on it! (He leaps for the flag; Bruce smashes him and he falls back across the table, his hand touching the carving knife. He seizes it and jumps at Bruce.) You spy!

Bruce grips him, but not quite in time. The two men stand together an instant, and then, as Fritz steps back, we see Bruce's hand-cuff a welter of blood.

PAULI: Get a doctor!

BRUCE (wrapping handkerchief about cut): It's nothing.

PAULI: Then go! Go now, please.

Jan, the peasant boy who works for the Behrends, appears in the door.

JAN: Mr. Carl! Marching orders! Barracks to-morrow!

MIZZI: Not to-morrow!

JAN: At daylight.

All that night a dim light burns in the Arndt flat. Daylight comes, and sorrowfully, speechlessly, Carl and Pauli take leave of each other.

* * * * *

THE third act takes place on an afternoon of a cold day in March 1917. The Arndt flat is mute witness to the privations and miseries that the war has brought. Pauli and her father are enduring the privations as cheerfully as may be. The early hysteria of the war has given place to a forlorn resignation. In their case it is somewhat tempered by occasional letters from Carl, who is expected home. Mizzi is a frequent visitor at the flat since the arrival of Pauli's baby. MIZZI: I saw the doctor leaving, so I thought I'd come over. . . . How's the baby?

PAULI: Much better, but he prescribed milk with lime-water and white of egg with orange-juice.

MIZZI: How long since you've seen an orange? . . . Ah, you've got wood.

PAULI: We built the fire for Carl. They said he'd arrive this evening. Just think—it's two years, and he's never seen his own baby.

MIZZI: Where's the sewing?

PAULI: What luck, your saving Kurt's baby clothes.

MIZZI (swiftly): I hoped I might need them again. . . . Is the baby asleep?

PAULI: Yes, nothing wakes him but the bands.

Pauli leaves to get some bread from the public station—if it is still within reach of their dwindling funds. While she is gone Mr. Behrend, Senior, arrives and is tartly greeted by Professor Arndt. The latter has never been able to forgive his friend's profiteering in grain at a time when the country was in such dire straits. The two are at dagger's ends, but under the circumstances control their antipathy as best they can.

BEHREND: Every day billions are dumped on the market.

PROFESSOR: You mean people are "selling short"?

BEHREND: Exactly!

PROFESSOR: I don't believe it!

BEHREND: My friend, a month ago I sold five hundred million crowns. Today I can buy them back at half the price.

PROFESSOR: You?

BEHREND: In another week it will be five hundred millions! Every heller the crown drops now is so much profit to me! That's money!

PROFESSOR: No, not money! Blood and tears!!

BEHREND: My dear Arndt.

PROFESSOR: God keep me from hate!

BEHREND: But really—

PROFESSOR: Go!

BEHREND: You say—

PROFESSOR: I say what I said before! Go, and don't come back! You murderer!

*Miss Marjorie Rambeau visiting
The KAPOCK House in
Philadelphia*



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FIORET

Paris



BEHREND: I want to see Carl!

PROFESSOR: He won't want to see you.

In the midst of their argument the front door slowly opens and the pale, mud-grimed figure of Jan stands staring at them.

PROFESSOR: Jan!

JAN (*blubbing*): I'm safe.

BEHREND: Where's my son?

JAN: I don't know. Don't ask me.

PROFESSOR: Where's Carl?

JAN: Dead!

At this tragic moment Pauli returns, sees Jan and looks about quickly for Carl. Presently some subconscious instinct warns her of tragedy.

PAULI: Jan! Where's Carl?

JAN: I don't know. (*They stare at each other. She is drawing the truth from his eyes.*)

PROFESSOR: He's been detained. He's been hurt. He's been—

PAULI: Killed!

PROFESSOR: We're not sure. We must wait!

MIZZI: Don't say that! Anything's better than waiting!

PAULI: Oh, no! Go in to the baby! (*Mizzi opens the bedroom door, but stands listening.*) Jan! What's happened? (*To them all*): If you think you're doing me a kindness—!

JAN (*as though hypnotized*): He's dead.

PAULI: How? . . . He was coming home.

JAN: Yes, he was coming home.

PAULI: Go on.

JAN: It was a long trench. And night. . . . And raining. We got lost in the dark. Outside it was hell—big guns. I couldn't go on, and Captain Carl put his hand on my shoulder. I dropped back. And then—I don't know what happened. A mine, maybe, or a shell. Right ahead everything went to pieces in a big flame. Men, too. One man I saw with his head off. We dug into the mud, and it rained water, and bullets, and shrapnel. Next to me a man was shot in the throat. And in front of us were the men who'd been blown up—the bullets chugging into their bodies, tearing open their faces. Hours—

PROFESSOR: Stop it! For God's sake.

There is a long pause. Off-stage, beneath the bedroom windows, a band is passing.

MIZZI: More troops.

PAULI: Go in to the baby. He'll waken. (*Mizzi goes.*)

PROFESSOR: Pauli, be brave!

PAULI: He was coming home.

BEHREND: You've got your baby. (*The drums are very loud.*)

PAULI: More troops.

MIZZI (*in a frantic scream from the bedroom*): Pauli! Pauli! Pauli!

Pauli turns, hesitates, then runs into the bedroom. There is a crash of drums. Then that noise recedes and, far down the street, faintly is heard another band. Pauli reappears.

PAULI: My baby's dead!

PROFESSOR: No! no! no!

PAULI: The drums didn't wake him. (*Mizzi appears in the doorway and nods.*) My baby's dead!

MIZZI: Pauli . . . darling!

PAULI: Listen! More troops! More! Always more! Where do they come from? From the ends of the earth! From the beginning of history—

MIZZI: Stop her!

Above the distant music a trumpet sounds "assembly."

PAULI (*suddenly, triumphantly, but very quietly*): Not my baby! He won't answer your trumpets! He'll never feel mud and agony, and the bullets tearing up his face! I've nothing more to feed your guns! (*The band is passing.*) My baby's safe! My baby's dead! Thank God!

* * * * *

THE fourth and last act is in June, 1919—seven months after the war. A comparative peace has returned to the Arndt household. Fritz Winckelman is back, embittered, disillusioned and shell-shocked. He has lost his old job and has turned into a vituperative, nerve-wracked man—aged beyond his years. Mr. Behrend, for his "services to his country," has been decorated by the government. Professor Arndt has again been restored to his professorship at the university, and Bruce Gordon has come back for a visit. He and Pauli have returned from a performance of Carl's play, which Bergman has finally produced.

PAULI: Strange, to hear the people cheering that speech about hate. BRUCE: They'd have stoned him for it a year ago.

PROFESSOR: Too late for Carl. PAULI: Too late for ten million Carls. But it may help a little for the Carls to come.

Later Pauli crosses to the window and looks out to where small Kurt Winckelman and some children are "playing soldier."

PAULI: It upsets me. Aren't I foolish?

BRUCE: No; only nervous.

PAULI: Sometimes the whole thing seems ages ago, and then . . . Mr. Behrend says there will always be war. Will there?

BRUCE: If we think so.

PAULI: World-wide chaos, and there, across the courtyard, the next generation drilling . . . marching . . . Shall we never learn?

PROFESSOR (*soothes her*): Carl's Pauli cried defiance into the new day.

PAULI: Will there be a new day?

PROFESSOR: Time isn't measured by our little lives. We are still children. Some day we shall grow up. Some day there will be an end of race and creed and hate and prejudice.

PAULI: Meanwhile—?

PROFESSOR: Over ourselves . . . over our blind instinct and stupid passions—

BRUCE (*recalling Behrend's orders to the Deity and consciously quoting*): . . . God give us victory!

PAULI (*in a ringing voice*): God give us peace!

The drums in the courtyard swell, but Pauli, exalted, prophetic, only lifts her head higher, looking past to-morrow into a new day. The curtain falls.

Madam—please accept a 7-day supply of this amazing new way of removing cleansing cream

A way that will double the effectiveness of your "make-up"
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That will double and triple the effec-
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The name is KLEENEX . . . a totally new kind
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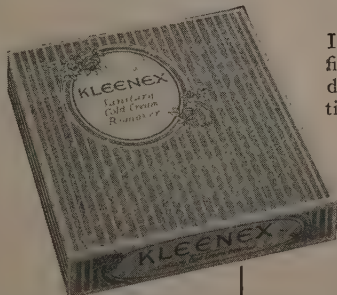
It is the first absorbent made for this purpose.
There is no other like it.

It banishes the soiled towel method that all
women detest. It contrasts the harshness of
fibre and paper substitutes with a softness that
you'll love.

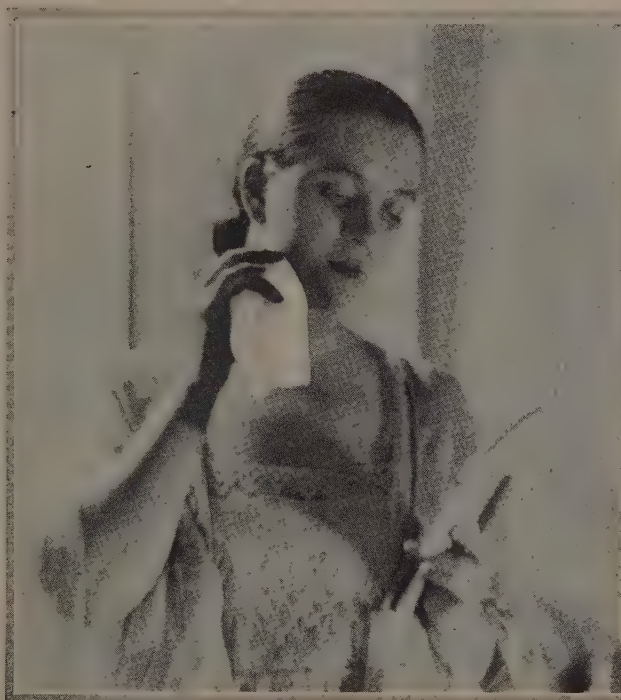
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flat handkerchief boxes to fit
your dressing table drawer
. . . in two sizes.

Boudoir size, sheets
6 by 7 inches . . . 35c

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First—remove every bit of germ-
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On the advice of skin specialists, women
today are flocking to this new way.

By removing *all* dirt and grime, it
will give your skin a tone three or more
shades whiter than before.

That's because old methods failed in
absorbency. They removed but part of
the cream and grime. The rest they
rubbed back in. That is why your
skin may seem several shades darker
sometimes than it really is.

* * *

It will correct skin and nose oiliness.
For an oily skin indicates cold cream
left in the skin. The pores exude it
constantly. That's why you must pow-
der now so frequently. That's why,
too, imperfections often come.

This new way corrects those failures of old
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Upon receipt of it a full 7-day supply will be sent
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Or . . . obtain a packet at any drug or depart-
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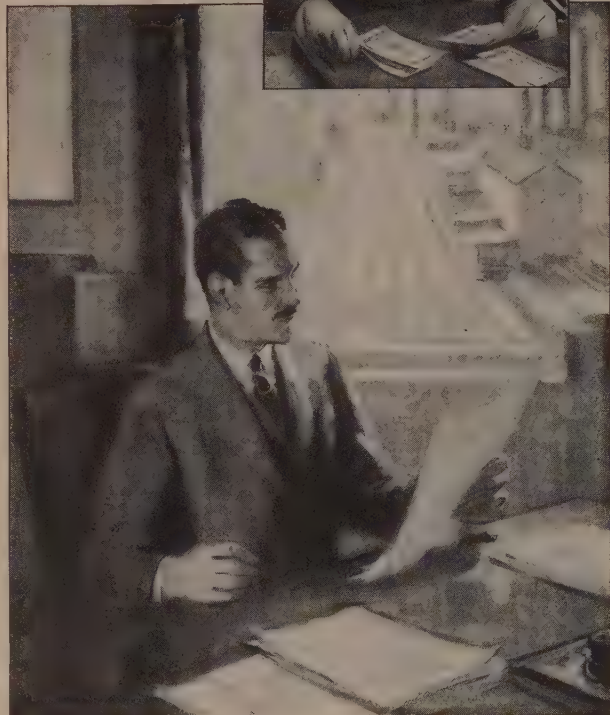
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(Continued from page 9)

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BONDS · ACCEPTANCES



SHORT TERM NOTES

Another ticket-selling angle is the cut-rate system built up by Joe Leblang to such a degree of proficiency as to constitute a monopoly of the cheaper seats as well as a large traffic in the highest-priced ones for the less successful plays. Leblang's agency has sold as many as 50,000 seats in one day, 2,200 of them for one theatre. The tickets are sold through a central agency at Broadway and Forty-third Street for approximately half their face value. The net result is less revenue to the weak attraction and a consequent shortening of its run.

Gaze now on this picture. In the old days any play with a New York run back of it and many with only a fictitious claim to one mopped up the road with as many as ten companies. Now even the bona-fide hits are quite apt to curl up and die once off the island. The current season has furnished a number of spectacular examples. *The Firebrand* sold its seats at a premium last season in Manhattan; two or three months on the road this Fall sufficed. Henry B. Warner could not make the road take *Silence*, and *Dancing Mothers*, a full-season success, has lost money consistently on tour. Musical shows, till lately immune to the frost of the road, are beginning to suffer, and the premature closing of last season's *Lady, Be Good* sounds another note of gloom. Even so excellent and well-advertised an entertainment as *What Price Glory* found certain territory inhospitable, and one of several companies was disbanded after the first few weeks. Freak plays like *Abie's Irish Rose*, mystery plays like *The Bat* and sensational plays like *White Cargo* can pitch their tents and play to a profit in almost any community, as can certain of the stars, but except for these the road no longer exists.

THE CRITICAL "ROAD"

IN the provinces the motor-movie-radio triumvirate has been more potent than in New York because it has had weaker competition. A choice between a ride over concrete roads to a jazz house, a movie in a palatial new theatre to the accompaniment of good music, a good book at home with radio obligato, or a typical road show claiming a Broadway run it didn't get would be rated more than a three-to-one shot against the road show. If the producers had been smarter and had introduced honesty in advertising when competition first appeared, they might have held more of their patronage, but even now some of them haven't learned their lesson and keep repeating the old catch phrases of "A year on Broadway" and "The original cast and production." Their country cousins were duped so often when there was nothing to do but buy their gold bricks or stay at home that when a reasonable substitute for the drama appeared they thumbed their noses and laughed joyfully.

Whenever I go into the dog towns to groom a new play, I am amazed at the spurious claims in the literature announcing the coming attractions. Strange titles that Broadway never heard of are announced with all the grandeur and alliteration of an old-time circus 24-sheet, as if the intended victims didn't know their Broadway through the syndicated articles in the daily press and the magazines. The increased prominence given the metropolitan stage in this way has undoubtedly been a factor in the increased discrimination against the phony offering.

The road will no longer accept every play bearing the hall-mark of New York, but it does not follow that its taste has changed and that therefore plays without this prestige will interest it. These have even less chance.

POWER OF LITTLE THEATRES

THE so-called Little Theatre movement has received a great impetus as a result of the *débâcle* of the road, and all over the country there are springing up community playhouses. California, for instance, empire most distant from the theatre capital, through her love for the drama has created some of the most notable examples, among them the handsome, practical playhouses in Pasadena and Santa Barbara. But this phase of the movement is not confined to remote districts, as is evidenced by flourishing plants in cities on the beaten trail such as Boston, Philadelphia and Cleveland. Really a part of the same phenomenon are the theatres coming into being as workshops for the drama classes in the universities.

Recently in Pittsburgh a conference of little, community and university theatres attracted representatives from more than a hundred of these institutions. As a participant in the proceedings I reported back to a luncheon of Broadway producers, hazarding the forecast that the development was in its infancy, that eventually an alliance with these community centers might be made advantageously by Broadway for the purpose of exchanging plays and players and utilizing their organized audiences. The reactions were almost as numerous as the individual producers, ranging from a denial of the importance of the theatres to a belief that they constituted a menace to the commercial theatre. The most optimistic refused to admit that anything was wrong with the road but a superfluity of theatres!

But whatever we Broadwayites think, there they stand, and their rapid development during the past five years might warrant the prediction that their influence and popularity will increase. A prophetic soul might even go so far as to suggest that the community theatre may become the missing link between the New York drama factory and its ultimate consumer, the road.

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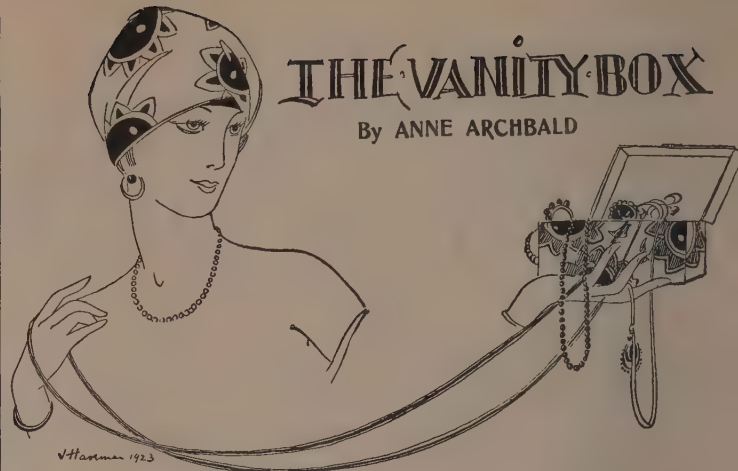
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WE picked up from Mary Nash's dressing-table in the theatre where she is playing in *A Lady's Virtue* a novel-looking little affair, the likes of which we had never seen before. The nearest we can come to a description is a shallow, cup-shaped something in celluloid, with a short, straight handle attached, . . . and yet it wasn't really cup-shaped because it was elongated and curving, and one end curved up more than the other. Inside it was wadded with antiseptic cotton.

"Whatever . . ." we began.

"Oh, that's the latest device for the contour," Miss Nash, beautiful creature that she is, responded quickly.

"How do you mean, the contour?" we asked.

"Why, the contour of the face," replied Miss Nash. "Of course you go in for 'contour,' don't you?" she went on. "Every intelligent woman does nowadays. It almost amounts to a cult, I sometimes think. Wherever I go I hear women, old and young, discussing it. The older women talk about face-lifting and the younger swap preventive measures. The latter especially feel that they'd rather be dead and buried than going around the world with an old chin line, the way the past generations did.

"Absolutely shameless," I heard an amusing flapper call it the other afternoon at tea, 'as bad as being bald or paunchy.' She said that whenever she felt inclined to be lazy or careless over her exercises and her facial treatments she went and took a good look at her grandmother, her triple chin was such an awful warning to her.

"They even have slogans," continued Miss Nash, "like 'ten minutes a day keeps an old chin away,' and this device"—here she picked up the little celluloid affair—"is intended for the purpose of keeping the facial contour young and plastic.

"See, I'll show you. You take a pad of cotton, soak it first in ice-cold water and then in this Balsam Astringent, and wad it in. Then you go after your face, not just patting or prodding it, but vigorously pressing and molding. You push upwards all the time, because the tendency, with every year you add to your life after twenty, is for the facial muscles to begin dragging down. See how the short curved end fits under the edge of the cheek-bone, and the longer end curves over onto the cheek, and how the whole can press directly under the chin. .

"I think it's really marvelously ingenious, and the most expert 'contour culturists,' so to speak, are all using them for home treatments.

"Of course I believe very much in professional treatments of the right kind," wound up Miss Nash, "and the beauty establishments carrying these face molders—the only place you can get them, by the way—makes a specialty of working on the whole contour. Finger-tips can be pointed, they say, by molding, and similarly a baby's nose can be changed by pinching and shaping. So the muscles and tissues of the face can be molded, too."

Miss Nash's hair is always the loveliest thing, thick and glossy and full of lights. Since you are all such good children we will impart to you the secret of its beauty. It lies in the special shampoo that Miss Nash uses and with which she washes her hair frequently. This is a fragrant liquid of pure cleansing vegetable oils combined with a touch of henna. No, the henna will not make the hair red, used in this small proportion, nor is it drying, as some people say. Look at the beautiful, luxuriant tresses of the women of the Orient, where henna is so popular! But it is just this touch of henna, in this particular shampoo, which leaves the hair so clean and invigorated afterwards, with such freshness and life and lustre. And any shade of hair can use it.

For the beauty establishment carrying the "face molder" and "Petal Bloom," and their price, and the name of the special shampoo, write *The Vanity Box*, care the THEATRE MAGAZINE, 2 West 45th Street, New York City.



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Designed and Supervised by
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FRANCE through the eyes of her Immortals



VICTOR HUGO



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If you want delightful camaraderie, sparkling conversation and tempting cuisine... sail away on a de Luxe French Liner. Its café terrace on the promenade deck is a foretaste of the boulevards. The verve of its dances a herald to the joyousness of Paris.

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Take your own car, uncrated, with you... or rent a car over there. For touring in France is remarkably inexpensive.

Write for the interesting brochures on the de Luxe French Liners, the *Paris* or *France*, which sail first to Plymouth, England... then to Havre, the port of Paris. Or for those on the One-Cabin Liners, the *De Grasse*, *Rochambeau*, *La Savoie* and *Suffren*, which go direct to Havre... where there is no transferring to tenders; just down the gangplank to the special boat-train waiting. In three hours... Paris and all that lies at the other end of "the longest gangplank in the world."

French Line

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Offices and agencies in principal cities
of Europe, Canada and United States,
or ask any travel or tourist agent



(Continued from page 12)



A Note on Beauty

By

MARY NASH and FLORENCE NASH
Co-stars in "A Lady's Virtue", at the Bijou Theatre

"Produits Bertie are perfectly splendid. They are not only highly beneficial but delightful to apply."

Mary Nash

Florence Nash

PRODUITS Bertie are private preparations for the toilette created originally for society women of the European capitals and for artistes of the Opera and the French theatre. They have been directly imported and used by certain famous stars of the American theatre and a large group of women in New York social circles.

Mme. Bertie has recently established a Depot Americaine at 120 West 42nd Street, for the convenience of those American women who may desire to use

her special *laits* and *cremes*.

Included in Produits Bertie are four preparations which have become an essential part of the Continental toilette, and constitute a complete beauty treatment. They are *Lait d'Oesype*, *Lait Mediana*, *Creme Mediana*, and *Eau Detersive*.

Mme. Bertie has printed privately an illustrated brochure, "*Secrets de la Beaute*", describing the use of these special preparations. A copy will be mailed with her compliments, on receipt of the coupon printed below.

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beauty in her face, but otherwise I get the same effect as her audiences.

In the nose is found an entire lack of aggression but good self-protection. In the nose is also found good powers of concentration, constructive ability, a vivid imagination and strong intuitive powers.

In the jawline is found determination, persistency and a nature which is highly independent and one who has the courage of her convictions. In the chin is found a nature which must have affection and calls affection forth. One who always has been petted and admired. There is a lack of physical endurance shown in the chin, also in the lobe of the ear. A person who should guard her health closely and conserve her energy more than she does.

In the hands is found dramatic ability and an inspirational nature. In the forehead is shown a good memory for location and a good memory for most things except dates. In the lines of the forehead is found a logical thinker and a person who reasons. There is a good fullness in the language sign, which is back of the hairline. This gives an interest in English and grammatical construction. Over the eyes there is fullness in the location of sound, showing a good ear for sounds and music.

Making a general summary, I would say that Miss Ferguson is an impetuous, highly emotional nature, very intuitive and, while independent in thought and action, is still dependent upon affection. She has good judgment and an excellent mentality. She has self-confidence, is a thinker and is very logical.

AFTER the impersonal, wholly intellectual atmosphere of Eva Le Gallienne, I wanted to analyze a very different type of woman, and I found her in Jane Cowl. The actress was playing in *Easy Virtue*.

Miss Cowl was silent during the analysis, but her eyes spoke volumes. With those great, big brown eyes focused upon me, I felt as if two search-lights were turned on. Their owner does not fully realize the power of those eyes.

In reading the character, one notices the high forehead, which also has good breadth and denotes a good mentality. In the lines of the forehead are found a serious person and one who thinks. In the nose is found a very observant nature, a good imagination and constructive ability. A person who does not like details and prefers to handle larger and more important things. This quality, with the executive ability shown in the long line of the jaw, with pride and ambition and a desire to lead found in the mouth, makes a natural-born leader.

At the root of the nose and, between the eyes, is found a fullness which shows good powers of visualization and high individuality. The location over the eye, for tune and rhythm also music, is full and well developed. There is also a pronounced fullness which shows great susceptibility to color. Such a person is easily affected emotionally by either color or music. Back of the hairline is shown a fullness which gives a ready use of words. This, with the imagination, high inspirations and constructive ability, gives the ability to write and an interest in literature.

In the cheeks is found an industrious and an intense person with good judgment and a sense of fairness toward all. Miss Cowl's thinking, at times, is so intense that a very sensitive person, when with her, will know her thoughts before she puts them into words. In the cheeks is also found high repression and secrecy. A person who shuts up inside her the things which affect her most. From the standpoint of health, it is a very bad thing for anyone to do. It is very trying on the nervous system and usually, in time, the individual who does this to extreme, must stop or the result is the complete loss of health.

In brief, I would say that Miss Cowl has dramatic and literary ability, is a natural leader and has excellent understanding of human nature. She is appreciative and likes others to show appreciation. She has great love of the beautiful and prefers quality to quantity. She is a very magnetic, charming personality and so highly individual that she is not easily or quickly forgotten.

X PLUS THE SQUARE ROOT OF Y

(Continued from page 10)

is how to find your producer. There are many ways, some preferred by some authors, others by others. To be sure a number of producers have their names printed on the programs, and by making the rounds of the theatres at about 11 P. M., you can collect a number of these and thus locate the producers. But the best way is to take the telephone Red Book, or Classified Directory, and look under Theatrical Producers where they are

listed. Thus the last of the chief problems is solved.

What the critics and the press-agents will do to you is not your affair. You have worked out your end of the problem and have a play. But, How will I know if the answer is right? you inquire. Perfectly simple: The correct answer is printed at the back of the book. In theatrical slang, the back of the book is called the box-office.



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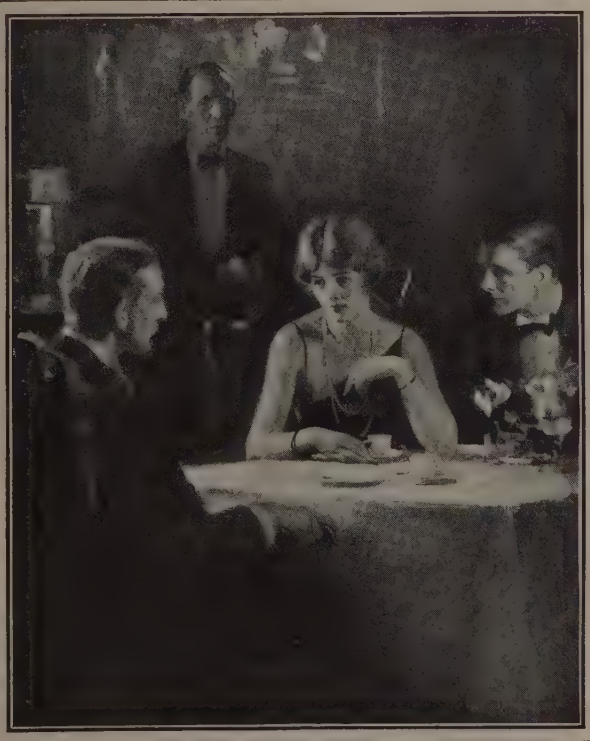
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TUSSY
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FRANCE

SEEING THE OPERATIC WHEELS GO ROUND

(Continued from page 20)

and twenty choristers, almost as many from the chorus school, an augmented ballet, stage musicians and our supers it is the greatest crowd in the history of the music theatre. The sole artists press through their ranks with difficulty, en route from dressing-rooms. They may be going to take part in this scene, but for once they are not the stars. The great, glistening, colorful, weaving mob has displaced them.

The ancient and solemn supers fill their parts flawlessly; their raw companions follow with expressions sheepish or anguished, according to temperament; the orchestra blares; the chorus chants; the principals pipe in the midst of the hurricane; and perspiring in the wings stand the sub-conductors, scores in hand, counting hoarsely and desperately.

So the act is over, and the curtains fall. "Now you'll see something!" promises the electrician, whose perch we share. And it is something indeed. Five hundred people melt away from that spot as smoothly as the sand through an hour-glass. Everyone knows where to go and goes. There are no collisions, no blockades, no inadvertencies. As for the Roman Forum, it is flying apart to the four winds of heaven. Solid arches weaken at the knees and yield up their being to the gods of the hammer. Roofs swiftly disappear skyward, pillars collapse like accordions, steps fold and flatten, and the ponderous magnificence of the Vestal Temple is trundled off to a corner as easily as a perambulator.

Long and arduous have been the months of preparation for this big parade. The Roman standards are numbered by the tens of dozens, and a close inspection of them could have given no offense to Julius Cæsar himself. The same with the weapons, the shields and glaives and helmets. The great throne upon which sits General Licinius-Johnson is a chef-d'œuvre, overlaid with intricate jig-sawing, gilt and what is technically known as "paper work," or modeling in papier-mâché, but this and the triumphal chariot are a cause of grief to their

creators. "The audience can't see it or appreciate it, not possibly. All these designs pricked out in gold and green, all this carving on base and tongue and wheels! And see those gold acanthus leaves on the temple columns? Just as perfect on the back ones as on the front. Those great vases are so beautifully modeled from small plaster strips, they'd probably hold wine—if there was any. Too bad! I tell you there's no expense spared.

One thing, however, is not so impressive on intimate acquaintance. The crash when the lenient gods rekindle the Vestal's fire may seem a realistic Jovian bolt, but its origin is in a humble ash-can into which a battery of muskets is fired on the proper beat.

Strangely enough, in all the vast maze of incidental paraphernalia, the detail which most bothered this wizard of properties, Phillip Crispano, was the comparatively small matter of the spinning plates which the ballet-girls balance during the festivities of Act III. Others must toss balls rhythmically from hand to hand, which matter was mere child's play to devise, the ball running upon an arc of invisible wire. But the plates, three-tiered, and revolving upon a wand tip, were a problem. Crispano built a dozen experiments, all pretty perfect in the hand, which promptly refused to spin with the necessary ease when the poor, beset dancer must do two things at once. However, meager indeed is the opera company which has not an individual ready to step forward for any emergency, no matter how fantastic. The elderly operator of the elevator to the property lofts let fall one day the surprising information that he had once been a juggler, and that if Crispano so desired, he could solve his problem without delay. Crispano with difficulty restrained his Latin temperament from expressing gratitude in an immediate embrace. In less than an hour the wand had been attached to the disks just a shade off center, and the plates were spinning like mad.

WILL THE NEW SCENERY DESTROY THE ACTOR ?

(Continued from page 32)

will really be an experiment in education. It will show us settings in which plays have been done and will probably have the same sort of effect on our staging as the Armory Show had on our painting more than a decade ago. Only in this case it happens that America is not so backward. The American section of the exposition will indicate that in certain ways we have learned European lessons and applied them; in others we have developed our own styles. The theatregoer will care very little what you call the

settings, provided they are interesting to look at, evoke in him some active response and are in keeping with the inner meaning of the play. These essential qualifications have been met by our fine artists in the theatre, so that the education we will get from the exposition will not be so much instruction delivered by the masters to the pupils as that more entertaining type of education which comes from comparing things, judging their value and extracting from each the good there is in it.

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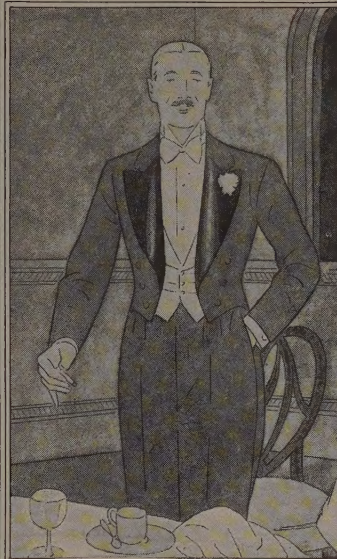
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A THEATRE THAT IS DIFFERENT

(Continued from page 22)

War a motion picture founded upon the struggle against the Bolsheviks.

Besides acting with the Moscow Players, Mr. Boleslavsky has also produced a number of plays in this country. He directed *Sancho Panza* for Otis Skinner, assisted Reinhardt in staging *The Miracle* at the Century, directed alone the Cleveland production of that spectacle and did a good part of the direction of the current light-opera success, *The Vagabond King*.

But with the growing success of the Laboratory Theatre, Mr. Boleslavsky is now wrapped up heart and soul with this new venture. It is his desire to make this organization a vital adjunct to our national drama. To do this he is beginning at the bottom with a group of players free from the inhibitions of previous dramatic training, a group whose very inexperience gives them a freshness of outlook and approach which it would be difficult

to impart to more seasoned actors. The performances now on view at the Laboratory Theatre are a proof of what he has already been able to accomplish. Though none of these performances have as yet the polish they will attain when the players have become more perfect masters of their tools, Mr. Boleslavsky believes, and in this belief he is supported by the critics who have witnessed the plays, that the gusto shown by the actors is of bright omen for the future. The American Laboratory Theatre is in the highest sense an experimental theatre, a theatre freed from the inhibitions of the past, where the American playwright and the American actor will be given full scope to prove what is in him without regard for mere convention. Small as the playhouse is today, there is no reason why it should not succeed in making itself a rallying point for those lovers of the theatre whose eyes are toward the future.

MR. HORNBLow GOES TO THE PLAY

(Continued from page 18)

stead of helping the action, only serve to delay and befuddle it.

Nor did the acting help matters. Of late the Guild has been unfortunate in its casting, a defect in its organization arising from the fact that it has no actors of its own, but has to go out and shop for players for each new production. Augustin Duncan gave a carefully studied characterization as the father, and José Ruben, a fine actor always to be depended upon, did well as the son. With these exceptions, the acting was distinctly below the standard one expects of Guild performances.

The character of the interfering and purblind maiden aunt is admirably portrayed by Louise Closser Hale, and Beulah Bondi as Maggie, the ancient family retainer, presents a telling piece of work. Others in the cast are Leila Frost as the flapper sister, Raymond Van Sickle and Mary Phillips as George Adams and his wife and Kay Johnson as Joyce Smith, the attractive incentive for Henry's declaration of independence.

The value of the play lies neither in dramatic construction nor in character portrayal, but in the fact that its main theme gives expression to the clamorous complexes which often lie dangerously dormant in the hearts of—most of us.

ONE of the Family, the comedy presented by John Tuerk at the and opening on December 22 at the Forty-ninth Street Theatre, scores at least one strong point of universality—it speaks the language of family-bound multitudes.

The key-man in the scrimmage is one Henry Adams, played by Grant Mitchell. Henry is the "convenient kinsman," the best remaining male offshoot of a hoary family tree superlatively well rooted in Revolutionary aristocracy. Upon him are cast all the burdens of overdrawn allowances and petty distractions of two sisters, an incidental brother and sister-in-law and a maiden aunt. In addition to all this it is demanded of him that he uphold an antique collection of family traditions of succession and similar futilities just at the one time in his life when he yearns most earnestly to "be himself."

Things go from bad to worse until, at the end of the second act, the worm turns violently, amid a shower of shattered gift crockery, and the curtain falls on a man who has literally fought his way to freedom and finds it good.

THE Patsy, at the Booth, is the tale of an ugly duckling—not so very ugly at that, for, as played by Clai-borne Foster—a young actress comparatively new to Broadway but having all the marks of a winner—the heroine, Patricia, seemed to me one of the snappiest, brightest, comeliest, most adorable little wenches that ever wormed her way into the blasé affections of a New York audience.

The play itself is somewhat thin. It makes no pretense of dealing with any complicated human problem. But if it makes no great demands on your cerebral matter and does not stir the emotions, at least it makes you laugh. It's just a simple little domestic story like *The First Year*, which pictures the interiors of a million homes throughout the land. What's more, it is refreshingly clean, and for this reason alone, coming as it does close on the heels of all the stage muck recently inflicted upon us, deserves to be marked down on your diary as one of the plays you want to see.

Carolina Folk Plays

A FASCINATING CONTRIBUTION
TO OUR DRAMATIC LITERATURE



Edited with an introduction on Folk Playmaking by Professor Frederick H. Koch of the University of North Carolina, who founded the Dakota Playmakers and the Carolina Playmakers.

An appendix on the dialect by Professor Tom Peete Cross, and illustrations on the actual productions. Five plays: Elizabeth A. Lays' "When Witches Ride" (3 m., 1 w.)—Harold Williamson's "Peggy," the tragedy of a tenant farmer's daughter (4 m., 2 w. and a boy)—Heffner's "Dod Gast Ye Both," a moonshiner's comedy (6 m., 1 w., a thicket in the mountains)—Dougald Macmillan's "Off Nag's Head or The Bell Buoy." Of an old woman, a mad storm and land pirates (2 m., 4 w.)—Paul Green's "The Last of the Lowries" (Croatan Outlaws, 1 m., 3 w.).

These plays are the most significant examples of American Folk Drama. They were successfully given under the direction of Prof. Koch by his students in the Carolina Mountains. With the exception of the third, all could be given in a single hut interior, slightly varied. The clear illustrations should be a great help in setting and costume. Simple and easy to act as these plays are, they are frequently strongly emotional, yet absolutely "clean." Has Professor Koch done for America what the Abbey Players did for Ireland?

What the Reviewers Say

Walter Prichard Eaton in The Drama: "Frederick Koch is doing a wonderful work. . . . He is teaching young people to write their own plays, about their own people and their lives, stage them, costume them, act them."

Paul L. Benjamin in The Survey: "A rich and splendid vein of our native drama."

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THE DALLAS LITTLE THEATRE

(Continued from page 41)

was entirely acted by players from various prominent Little Theatres throughout the United States, who had been invited to Dallas to take part in the production. It is the first time a Little Theatre has made an organized effort to stimulate the personal relationship between all the Little Theatre groups of the country.

Because of the significance of the production, the play was presented in the Circle Theatre, thereby enabling a far larger number of Dallas people to see the performances than would be possible with the limited seating capacity of its own small auditorium.

AMONG the guest players who accepted the invitation to come to Dallas to represent their organizations were Lars Potter of the Little Theatre of Buffalo, N. Y.; Eloise Sterling of The Community Players, Pasadena, Cal.; Jessie Tharp of Le Petit Théâtre du Vieux Carre, New Orleans, La.; Charles Edwards of the Kansas City Theatre; George Hexter of The Coach House Players of Chicago; J. William Macy of The North Shore Theatre Guild, Chicago, Ill.; Frances Gray of The Carolina Playmakers, Chapel Hill, N. C., and Leon Joubert of The Birmingham Little Theatre, Birmingham, Ala.

In recognition of the *Outward Bound* production and the general activities of the Little Theatre in the community, the Mayor of Dallas published a proclamation announcing the week in which the guest players appeared as an official "Little Theatre Week" for the city.

IN the 1924 National Little Theatre Tournament, the Little Theatre of Dallas sent to New York a production of *Judge Lynch*, an original play by J. W. Rogers, Jr., one of its own members, and won the David Belasco Cup.

This play created so much interest that the original cast, Miss Louise Bond, Miss Julia Hogan, Joe Peel and Louis V. Quince, were asked to go on a vaudeville tour with it throughout the Southwest, and they eventually played it through Texas, Louisiana and Oklahoma for more than one hundred and twenty-five performances on the Interstate and Orpheum circuits. The attendance at the Majestic Theatre during the week the play was given in Dallas was more than twenty-three thousand people.

The Little Theatre of Dallas was fortunate enough to be awarded the Belasco trophy for a second time in the 1925 National Little Theatre Tournament, held at the Wallack Theatre in New York, May 5. The prize-

winning play, *The No-Count Boy*, a play in which all the characters are Negroes, is the work of Paul Green, a Carolina playwright. The cast included Mrs. R. E. L. Knight, Jr., Mrs. Perry Dently, Jack F. Hyman and H. Ben Smith. They were the guests of The Little Theatre of Buffalo, where they gave two performances and then came back to Dallas for three performances. The advance seat sale being so heavy, they were forced to play in one of the large down-town theatres. They went immediately after the Dallas appearance to Cincinnati, where they were the guests of the National Conference of the Drama League of America.

THE 1925-26 season opened October 28 with Charles Brooks' *Wapping Wharf*, which met with instant success. It was followed by Shaw's *Candida*, which proved to be the most attractive and popular production ever staged by this group. Then came *Minick*, featuring a man seventy-two years of age in the title-role, who made the play a sensation. *Anna Christie*, *Hamlet*, modern-dress version; *Sun Up*, *The Charm School* and *The Saint* are being considered for the remainder of the season.

Two of the outstanding events of the present year will be the play to be sent to New York for the Fourth Annual Little Theatre Tournament and the conducting of the First Little Theatre Tournament of Texas in Dallas.

The Little Theatre of Dallas this season will conduct a tournament in which Little Theatres of Texas or of the Southwest will produce plays in Dallas in competition for the award of the Dallas Little Theatre loving cup and cash prize. The loving cup and cash prize were presented to the Little Theatre of Dallas by A. H. Belo & Company, publishers of the *Dallas News* and the *Dallas Journal*.

THE Little Theatre of Dallas Cup Tournament will be modeled after the Belasco Cup competitions of the last three years in which Little Theatres from all parts of the country sent plays, casts and scenery to New York. There are more than forty-five Little Theatres in Texas and more than half of these have made plans to send a play to Dallas. Elaborate plans are being made for their entertainment during their stay in Dallas, a feature of which will be a luncheon by the Times-Herald Publishing Company, publishers of the *Daily Times-Herald*.

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